

April 1947

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VOL. 70



NO. 4

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COVER • E PLURIBUS UNUM • IVES COLOR

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PEOPLE and Things

WHEN we cornered the "Burma Surgeon" during his hectic lecture-tour of this country, we expected to find one of those hard-boiled, tough-as-shoe-leather sort of doctors who knock you down first and talk it over afterwards; instead, we found the humblest man alive. Dr. Gordon S. Seagrave is more retiring than a retreating army.

We stood in awe of the man and his record when we met, but he soon changed all that. He couldn't seem to understand why we wanted an article from "such an uninteresting individual" as he was. He kept saying he was amazed that such a grand old magazine as CHRISTIAN HERALD was interested in anything he might have to say about missions—or anything else. He said, "All right. I'll write it. You can use any of it you want to use, change it, edit it, or just throw it in the waste-basket and forget it."

When we came to talking remuneration, he was shocked. He didn't want any money for this; nothing he had to say could be worth paying for! We finally got him to compromise; we sent a check for his hospital, but he still insists we didn't even have to do that!

Hundreds of books of sermons come across our editorial desk every year. Sometimes we think every parson in the country must be trying to get into print. They are good, bad and indifferent sermons; we'd say most of them are indifferent. It takes a good one to make us read it through.

We read "God the Omnipotent" through, and then read it again. This one leaped up at us out of a new volume of pulpit discourses by Dr. Vincent Franks, who at that time was rector of Richmond's famous St. Paul's.

Dr. Franks had a brilliant ministry at St. Paul's; the whole town loved him. At the height of his success, he suddenly resigned and went off to Jackson, Mississippi, into a comparatively unknown pulpit and a much harder field. There are more Episcopalians in the city of Richmond alone than there are in the whole state of Mississippi. But Dr. Franks went: he says he thinks he may be needed more where the need is greatest.

Our Easter cover came out of our famous Cover Contest (see December, 1946 issue). The models who posed for this cover are Chinese, Polish, Scotch-Irish, Italian and Negro. The grown-up girl in the back is Italian, one of a family of eight girls left orphans when mother and father died; she brought the family up, saw them all graduate with honors from high school. The Negro boy has a brilliant record in a top-flight Negro school in Philadelphia; he worked so hard posing for this cover that he fainted! The Chinese girl is the daughter of a prominent importer. The little girl in the center (Scotch-Irish) is well known as a model in New York studios.

Just a lot of good internationalists!

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DOCTOR POLING

Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

● In response to the offer of the hearing aid in the February issue, there were so many worthy replies that it breaks our heart not to have many sets instead of only one.

Question:

CHRISTIAN HERALD and other religious periodicals write about the alcohol menace in the United States, why don't our daily newspapers do something too? Do you know of a single exception to the universal rule of silence in the greater daily journals?

Answer:

Yes, there are exceptions and their number increases. Even journals like *The New Yorker* (which accepts liquor advertising) sometimes—though often unconsciously, I think—strike a “blow for freedom” from alcohol. Recently on the editorial page of the *Philadelphia Morning Record* appeared the story of a coal miner named Benjamin Deskie who made it a rule to come home on time for his meals. When he failed to appear his wife knew something was wrong. She ran to the mines and found him trapped in an abandoned shaft. She summoned a rescue squad and Deskie was dug out unharmed. The *Record* continues as follows: “Moral: if you don't have the habit of coming home on time, your wife won't know whether you are lost in a coal shaft or in the corner saloon.”

Question:

I am active in the church and have become interested in a gentleman who is entirely worthy but who has no reason to think that I am more seriously impressed than for a casual friendship. Is there any reason why I should not write him, expressing my appreciation for what his work in the church means to me and others? Would this perhaps serve as a worthy introduction to something more personal?

Answer:

There is no reason at all why you should not write the gentleman and tell him of your appreciation of his work. I would be very careful, however, not to make this first letter anything more than a letter of appreciation. If he desires to meet you on more personal grounds, the letter itself will open the way for a

closer friendship. The motive itself is entirely worthy.

Question:

I am called upon quite often to lead devotionals at different societies. I have used the “Upper Room” a long time but so many take it that the thought isn't new. Will you kindly suggest some book along that line?

Answer:

I suggest this reader secure other devotional booklets such as “The Secret Place,” from American Baptist Publication Society; “The Quiet Hour” from the David C. Cook Publishing Company, Elgin, Illinois, and other books that may be listed by her denominational publishing house. Next year *CHRISTIAN HERALD* expects to have its own little volume, “The Christian Herald Family Altar.” We believe this will be absolutely unique and the best ever.

Question:

I like Dr. Stidger's devotional writings. But don't you think he is offside when he says, “To me the most beautiful rite of the church is the baptism of a little child.”? After all you know we are not all Presbyterians.

Answer:

No, some of us are Methodists and others are Episcopalians and indeed we are of all Protestant denominations, faiths and sects. Dr. Stidger is a Methodist. Baptists and Disciples do not feel as he feels about infant baptism but we may have the same feeling when babies are brought to the altar of the church for “dedication” and “consecration.” But Dr. Stidger is not offside because he wrote, “To me the most beautiful rite.”

Question:

Please help settle an argument. Did Roger Williams found the Baptist Church?

Answer:

He did not. Founders of the Baptist Church in America include both Roger Williams and John Clark, of Rhode Island. Roger Williams is of course the most distinguished of these founders, but John Smith and Thomas Helwys are the recognized founders of the Baptist denomination. They joined in a “declara-

tion of faith of English people remaining at Amsterdam in Holland.” Baptists had their beginnings in Holland where Smith died in 1612, but Helwys returned to England and established the Baptist Church there.

Question:

Should parents change their mode of living to please sons and daughters who have neurotic tendencies?

Answer:

I wish that all questions were as easy to answer! NO!

Question:

I read in a Philadelphia newspaper recently that a public poll shows 63% of all Philadelphians favoring horse-race betting. I was shocked to read that church members voted 64% in favor of betting; non-church members, 58%. I just don't believe it, do you?

Answer:

I'm afraid I do! In Philadelphia, as in other great eastern cities, many Roman Catholic churches as well as a few Protestant churches run games of chance such as Bingo and believe that betting under “control” should be made legal. This attitude is, I think, a growing moral menace to America. We condemn “game fixes” in athletics but encourage and strengthen that which makes it possible. We need to hit this thing and hit it hard now.

Question:

Recently our church bulletin contained the announcement, “The Senior Young People's Fellowship is sponsoring a bowling party tomorrow evening . . .” Do you think this is a suitable announcement for a church bulletin?

Answer:

I do. The young people of my own church have similar bowling parties. Also there are basketball teams which compete with the teams of other churches. Here is one of the constructive answers to the question, “How may the church influence and hold her young people?” It is, of course, only one of the answers and not the most important.

Question:

Discussing the Morris-Johnson \$15,000,000 suit in Louisville, Ky., against the Columbia Broadcasting Company for liquor domination of time, I was told on good authority that the Federal Council of Churches was opposing fundamental gospel—and all religious broadcasts not within the Council. Is it also working in accord and harmony with liquor advertising?

Answer:

The answer is definitely no. No, is the answer to each of the questions asked above. A comprehensive No!!!

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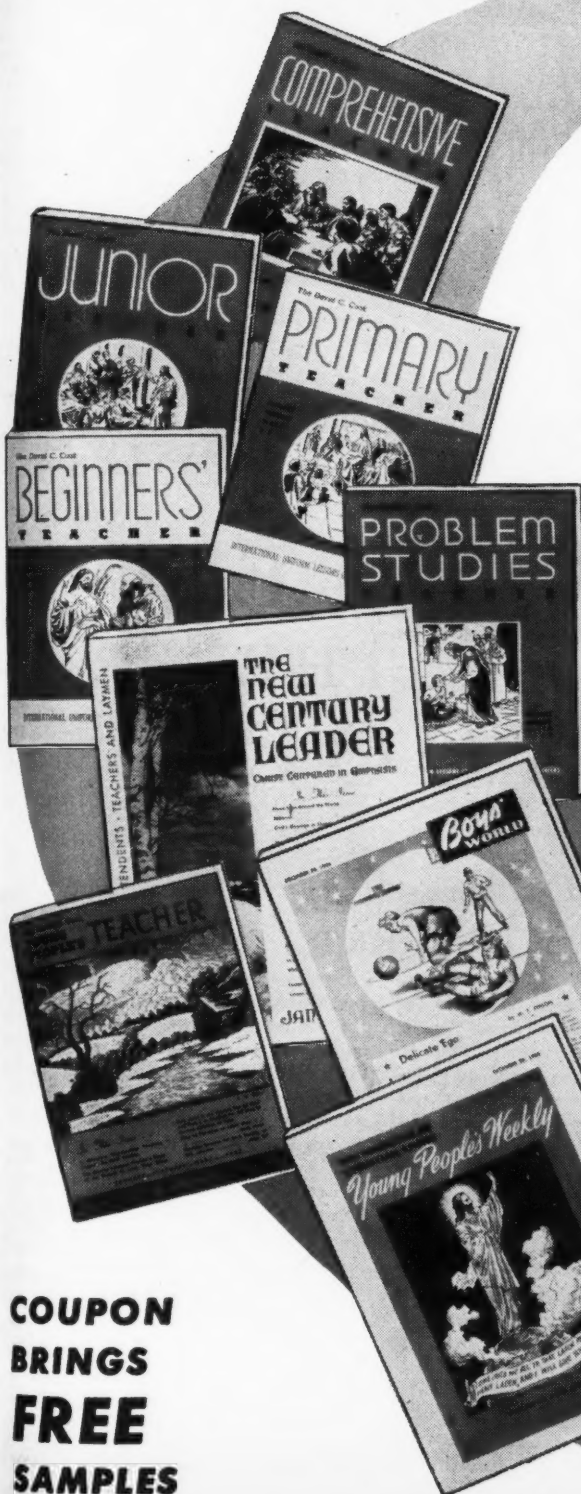
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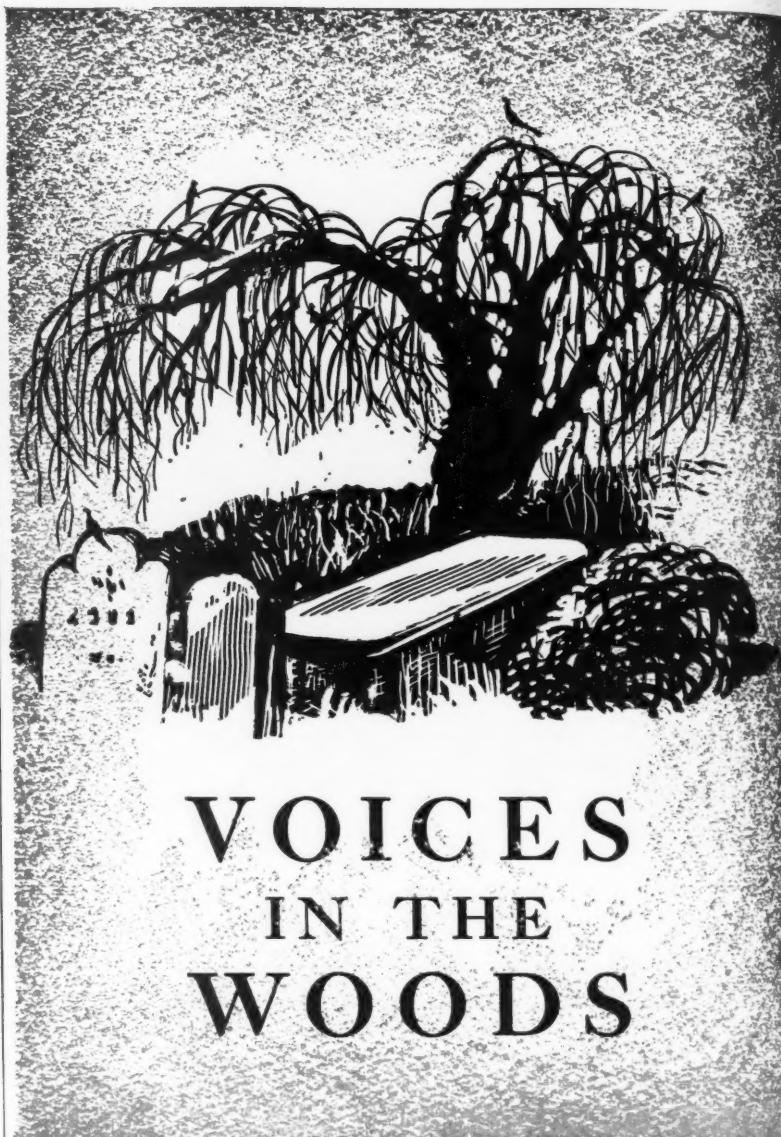
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VOICES IN THE WOODS

BY DELBERT LEAN

THERE are such lovely voices in the woods. You will not hear them, though, unless you have the time to stroll, and stop, look, and—maybe—think awhile. The voices of the woods are seldom heard by one who rushes through; and though, sometimes, the peal of thunder, or the crash of lightning, or the falling of a giant tree may, for a moment, interrupt, the quiet voices there may still be heard.

One morning, Henry said the day was right for picking berries, and he asked me if I didn't want to go along. Of course I did. It never takes very much persuasion for me to join him on a trip like that. Yes! Any day is right—or any time—if Henry comes along. And so we two set out.

Our neighbor, Bill Smith, who owned the woods where generally we went, had told us both to feel quite free to gather

berries anywhere we desired. We talked that morning as we strolled along, of going to a distant part that we had never visited before. We'd heard that berries there were very plentiful. That's the way it always is. Berries, like fish, are always plentiful—somewhere else.

So when we found that other folks had picked where we had often filled our pails, we started out for—somewhere else.

IT WASN'T very difficult to find the place and suddenly, to our surprise, we came upon a pathway cleared of trees and brush and carpeted with soft green grass. The blackberries hung thick on every side. In curiosity we followed down the path. It led into a garden spot. The bushes and the trees that tried to crowd the sides were held in check by borders of bright flowers. The grass was

trimmed and there among the flowers and grassy green carpet, were simple stones to mark the place where loved ones lay asleep. A small cathedral in the woods!

Then I recalled that my own father, years before, had told me of this quiet place that he had come upon one day while picking berries in these very woods. But I had never seen this place before.

So we sat down upon a rustic seat and thought about this little garden here, where loving hands still kept it beautiful. It didn't take us long to reconstruct the story of this peaceful place.

The father of our friend, who owned the place, had been a pioneer; at his father's death this son retired from a busy and successful life outside. His love and memories had brought him back to build upon the hilltop where his boyhood home had stood. A happy and contented man he was among the scenes of youth. Old scenes are best and old friends, too, when youth is gone and age comes creeping on.

And so the ashes of his family were gathered there. A lovely garden in the woods! And voices spoke to him—and us.

The flowers all around, the over-arching trees, the singing of the birds, the chatter of the squirrels that shyly hid, the whispering leaves of elm and oak! All these and many more spoke to us quietly and since in life we'd known a few of those who lay beneath the stones, these also spoke to us that day. The voices of the dead came back. And how appropriate it was that those who lay asleep should lie among the places and the things that they had known and loved.

As I recall, it seems to me we did not talk so very much. We sat there, quietly, and listened to the muted voices of the woods.

A stone, of special interest, marked the grave of one whom we had known so well. A lovely girl! I found out, later, that each year, upon a certain day in June, a young man left a distant city's noise and din and came to spend a quiet hour or two upon that sacred ground: that she might speak to him again, that he might have, once more, the long, long thoughts of youth, and catch again the rich song of a lovely life.

So when we rose and started home, we knew that we had heard the voices in that little bower, there: that spoke to us of life—and death—and something afterwards . . . the resurrection, too.

We had picked berries . . . and memories out of the woods that day!



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Sons of men and angels say, Alleluia!
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Alleluia!
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply, Alleluia!

NEWS

A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT

Edited by Gabriel Courier

AT HOME

APPOINTMENT: The case of Mr. Lilienthal is one of the most disgraceful ever to present itself in the national capital—and by that we do not mean that there is any disgrace whatever attached to Mr. Lilienthal. Quite otherwise: the shameful part of this episode lies on the doorstep of a cantankerous, vengeance-minded, reactionary and near-sighted old man from Tennessee.

Senator McKellar of Tennessee opposed the appointment of Mr. Lilienthal as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission not because Mr. Lilienthal was not beautifully fitted for the office, but because the senator bears a grudge (political) against the appointee. Lilienthal, in the days of the TVA, prevented McKellar from indulging in the rich job of patronage inherent in the TVA; the senator never forgot that, nor did he ever forgive. At every opportunity, he has frantically opposed Mr. Lilienthal.

McKellar "spilled the beans" when he called on the Almighty: "I pray God that we will never have an international agreement to control atomic energy." It's hard to believe that any United States senator could be as completely ignorant of what's going on in his world as this. No less a man than Bernard Baruch himself has told the world—including Mr. McKellar—that it is now utterly impossible to stop the leakage of atomic information to nations abroad; if the bomb isn't already a matter of international intelligence, it will be, soon. Mr. McKellar plays the ostrich—hiding his head from certain facts, taking out his political spleen on the man who, as boss of the TVA, conducted with complete success the one tremendous operation of modern times which most resembles, in magnitude, the job waiting to be done with atomic power. The senator puts politics and personal ambition before policy—and he drives us pell-mell toward another world war. "Shameful" is hardly

the word for this; it is treason against the American people.

TEACHERS: An irate reader writes: "Why do you stick up for the school-teachers? They're overpaid as it is, for working only six hours a day. Why should they have more money?"

We didn't intend to answer that one—publicly—until we read the news of half a dozen teachers' strikes breaking out, from Maine to Florida. The most recent of them took place the other day, in a New Jersey town. The mayor of the town didn't like it; said he, "This is a strike against the government, and it's no good. What would happen if the taxpayers decided to go on strike?"

We rise to remark, Mr. Mayor, that the taxpayers have gone on strike more than once in this country, and that it might be a very, very good thing if some current taxpayers rebelled against the abuses of government. They haven't exactly struck in refusing to pay taxes, but they have struck at certain benighted politicians who refused to consider the economic plight of anyone else so long as they themselves were safe!

The schoolteachers are the most sinned-

against group in this country, with the single possible exception of the ministers. We know a brilliant young college instructor (three degrees) who works for the handsome sum of \$1200 a year teaching the classic languages! We know another who is forced to work nights in a factory after teaching French—and teaching it *beautifully*—all day long in a "fine" high school. We know railroad conductors who are making more than the teachers who teach your children the basic, all-essential elements of arithmetic and civics.

Are we so heedless of the training of our youth that we pay more for minding the train than for training the mind? There are eleven states in which teachers' salaries run as low as \$500 a year. In Mississippi, 50 percent of the teachers earn less than \$900 a year. Who blames them for striking?

COURIER'S CUES: Congress will go all-out to get tax cut for the *little man*; the Republicans are sunk unless they do that . . . GOP will maintain historic tariff-reciprocal trade agreement policies at least until '48 . . . Watch for big merger of baseball-football leagues (professional) . . . Marshall at Moscow will be hardest-hitting, bluntest U.S. diplomat ever . . . Administration, with blessing of President, will burst into full bloom soon with anti-Communist campaign; reds in gov't positions will be fired first . . . More Nazis may be going into Argentina than are being expelled.

RAILROADS: Mr. Robert R. Young lives in Cleveland, works hard at his job as chairman of the board of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and recently bought himself a lot more power when he bought into New York Central. The railroad men are watching him closely, for Mr. Young is something of a revolution-



CAUSE CELEBRE. Feeling ran high in Washington over the McKellar vs. Lilienthal case. Senator McKellar, left, of Tennessee, frantically opposed the appointment of David Lilienthal, right, to head the new Atomic Energy Control Commission.

ist. It was he who made it possible for a human passenger as well as a pig to cross the country without changing cars; it was he who went after the racket of selling train reservations at a premium; it is he who has put in a system of passenger "charge accounts" on the C. & O. He's doing more to popularize the railroads than anyone else in the current picture.

The railroads need to be popularized; they are probably at an all-time low, what with wrecks and bad service and antiquated equipment. Personally, we'd much rather take our chances in the air than on the rails. The waiters in railroad diners act as though the passenger were just someone who gets in their way and never pays enough for the service; the diner food is about fifty degrees worse than airliner food; crawling in and out of those ancient Pullman berths calls for the physique of an athlete and the patience of Job, and when you get stuck with an upper berth and have to dress and undress in it—then you need all the saintliness of all the saints that ever lived.

We've been far more comfortable on sleeping cars in Palestine and India than in American Pullmans.

FINANCES: A report on Congress-and-the-nation's-finances is probably due this month; the trouble is that such a report would probably be out of date five minutes after it was sent off to the printer. Anything can happen in Washington, insofar as the national budget is concerned. We refuse to go out on a limb, predicting.

Right now, the most important discussions are centering around appropriations for the military. Army and Navy men—naturally—are up in arms over the proposed cuts in their appropriations; they claim that such cuts will leave America "defenseless." The Republicans are really up against it here; they must cut somewhere, and for the life of them they can't figure out where. They promised cuts in taxes up to 20 percent. That was a campaign promise. Anyone who put any stock whatever in that promise should consult the nearest brain specialist.

We remarked before, in this column, that the cost of everything, including government, has gone up in the last few years. It is all right for the party that is out to say that the party within is spending too much on its administrative machinery—but when the outs get in and have to do the cutting themselves, then the shoe is on the other foot and really pinching. Maybe that 20 percent cut will come. We still think it is impossible, for years to come.

THIRD TERM? Historically, there has only been one man who has been elected President of the United States for a third term; you probably know his name. Now Congress (Republican) debates in committee the feasibility of making the tradition into law, by way of constitutional amendment.

If it had not been for World War II, the precedent probably never would have been broken; whether we get an amendment or not, it will probably never be broken again. But there is still much to be said for it. One party can remain in power too long; bureaucracy can become tyranny. The chief objection to it is that it places a definite limitation on the people in case of an emergency. There has been only one such emergency in a century and a half—but it could happen again.

We think the amendment will not pass—this year.

ABROAD

SICK: Great Britain is sick—very sick. More than half the food she eats and most of the raw materials feeding her industries must be imported—and paid for by exports, which must increase at least by 75 percent. That's what's behind her current slogan: "Export, or die."

At the moment, Britain is living on foreign loans—which will be exhausted within two or three years. Then what? She can't go on living on borrowed money forever; creditors become fewer and fewer, where profit is denied. She cannot go on piling up deficits; last year, Britain was running one hundred and ten million dollars in the red *per month*.

Many there are who blame the Labor government. That's nonsense. Britain's malady is not political at all; it is a sickness that has been creeping like a cancer,

all through the years when Labor's foes were in the saddle, and it will not help one bit to merely change governments. What needs changing is a whole way of life.

Britain's prosperity was built on an empire, in which England brought to England raw materials from all corners of that empire, processed them and turned them into salable goods, and shipped them back to the four corners for sale. Those days are gone forever; they will *never* return. If Britain hopes for a return and waits for it, she is lost. But if she begins now to gear her economic life to the life of the new order under the United Nations, she may save herself. She must get along on less; she must cut down army and navy; she must reduce her foreign commitments. It is a bitter pill, but not so bitter as slow death.

What we'd most like to see changed over there is the resigned manner in which so many of the poorer classes accept their lot.

PALESTINE: We've said so much about Palestine that we hesitate. . . . Yet, what goes on there is still news. Biggest news break of the month here was the announcement that Britain would throw the whole Palestine problem into the lap of the United Nations.

Good! That's where it belongs. Britain has outstayed her welcome in the Holy Land—if she ever had a welcome; she is no longer able to cope with the situation. She comes at last to realize that might does *not* make right, and that you can't trample out the love for human freedom even though you hang every rebel in town.

These rebels who are being hanged will not accept the status of rebels: they are soldiers, fighting a war with the very weapons Britain taught them to fight with, and they die like soldiers and not like scoundrels. They will go on dying. Britain is paying too much in blood for her oil line—and the worth of that oil line, coming out at Haifa, dwindles daily, as travel and battle are revolutionized in rocket-driven planes.

Why doesn't the United Nations take over Palestine *now*, relieve the British of an impossible situation, and then arrange for discussion and mediation?

CIGARETTES: You can buy almost anything you want in Germany—not for cash, but for cigarettes. The smoke-sticks come high: a Berlin secretary makes enough in a month to buy two or three packages. No wonder the cigarette-smoking G.I. is such an object of concern: the package of Camels or Lucky Strikes he has received from home has become German legal tender, with which one buys everything from clothing to radios.

The military government is trying to prevent too many cigarettes from coming in, but when it tries that it al-

WE MOVE

Come July 1, *Christian Herald* would have been at 419 Fourth Avenue for nineteen years. But come April 1 this year, *Christian Herald* moves to a new address.

From that date on, we will be located at:

**27 East 39th Street,
New York 16,
New York.**

So . . . please address your letters there, whether they deal with manuscripts, advertising, circulation, complaints or compliments. You'll be hearing more about

27 East 39th Street
in subsequent issues.

THE EDITORS

tempts the impossible. Germans are smoking over there, today, who cannot afford to smoke; the power of the habit blinds them to their own economic interests.

It is certainly a most profitable situation for the cigarette manufacturers—but what is it doing to American morale in the occupied zone, and to German health?

MONEY: Something of a change has come over the State Department of the United States government. Once almost over-anxious to help China stabilize her finances and economy, the impression grows in Washington that giving China more money now would be like throwing good dollars after bad. Hence—China will find her financial reservoir running low, if not out.

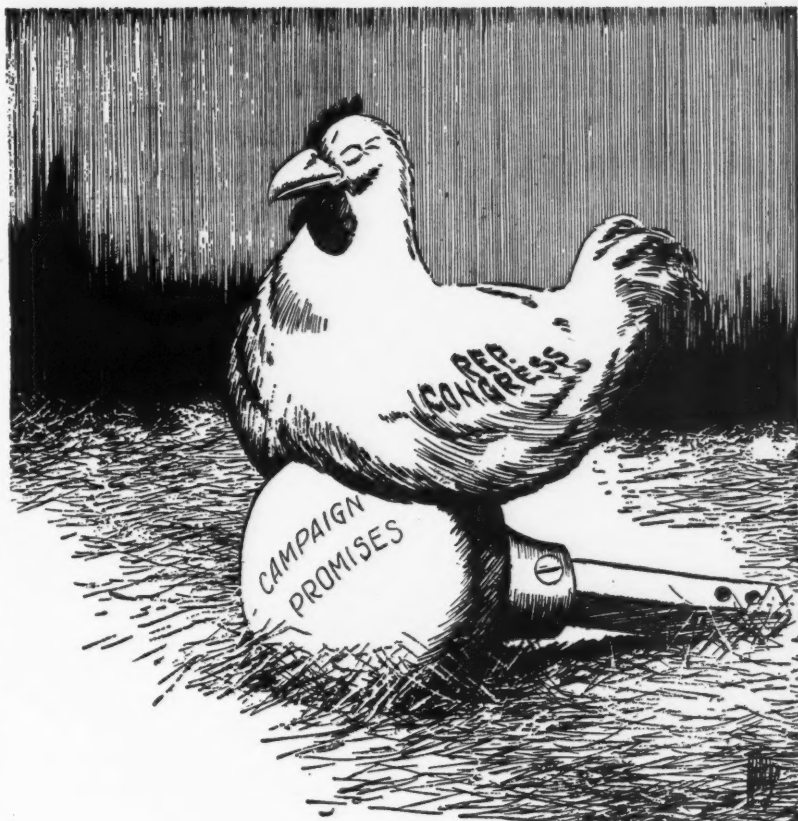
Only one thing can save China now: a complete housecleaning. For all we honor Chiang Kai-shek—and he has been one of the noblest figures of our times—it is still true that he is surrounded by rascals, has been surrounded by rascals for some time, and will not be able to lift China from her sorrow until he is rid of the rascals. It is no secret—now—that mountains of U. S. materials shipped into China during the war went to fight the Communists and not the Japanese; indeed, the despised reds were more than once the only organized body of troops engaging the foe from Nippon! It is no secret that the Chinese black market is now selling materials sent in to feed her people and prime the pumps of her industry. "Squeeze" is still a mighty word in Cathay.

Chiang has indeed moved in the right direction: he calls for the return of private fortunes (in the hands of Chinese abroad) to the homeland, and he promises to take the government out of industry. That will help, tremendously, if he is able to do it—which we somehow doubt. But beyond that, he must drive his squeezeers and his incompetents and his corrupt reactionaries into outer darkness. Then there will be light!

CHURCH NEWS

DECIDED? The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the State of New Jersey can pay for the transportation of parochial school children out of state funds and not violate the Constitution of the United States. It is a decision by the highest court of the land, and it will have far-reaching effects in other states. But to say that the question is decided for good and all is saying too much.

The Roman Catholic Church has fought this thing through from the lower courts in Jersey: it has won a judge's opinion but it still has to win over popular sentiment, which is still definitely op-



Marcus in The New York Times

THE OPTIMIST

posed to the whole idea. Opposed, for the reason that it violates the American principle of separation of church and state. If parents want to send their children to a church school, that is their privilege, be they Roman Catholic, Jewish or Protestant. But if such parents turn their backs on the public schools, there is no reason under heaven why they should expect people of other faiths to pay for the private-school tutoring of their children.

The writer of these lines has a son in a private (denominational) school. It isn't cheap, but it hasn't occurred to the writer to demand that his neighbors pay for that schooling! If ye writer can't pay the bills, he has no right to send his son there. Right?

CONSERVATIVES: A national association of conservative Baptists was recommended recently at a meeting of 800 Baptists, in Brooklyn. If the organization goes through, it would be, according to the 800, a federation of "all Bible-believing Baptist churches for the purpose of fellowship and service."

We defend the right of any American to worship as he sees fit. And we read this announcement with deep regret. We see something almost ludicrous in this attempt to corner all "Bible-believing" Baptists in one organization; it is conceivable to us that many thousands who believe in the Book will refuse membership, and we wonder at the state of mind

which sets up in business on such a superior attitude. But it isn't funny, at all: it is another evidence of disunity, another move in the direction of misunderstanding, in a day when Protestant unity is of vital concern to all of us.

It's a bit startling, too, to see yet another Baptist denomination being planned. Surely, within the bounds of that very loosely knit communion, there is already room for everyone from Harry Emerson Fosdick to the most ardent of fundamentalists.

This is foolishness—fatal foolishness.

MARRIAGE: The average pastor marries hundreds of couples—and never sees them again after they march away from the altar. It's one of the sad truths of Protestantism, and Pastor Robert W. Burns, at Peachtree Christian Church in Atlanta, decided to do something about it.

Last month, he preached to more than 1200 couples he had married at one time or another, and when the sermon was over, they stood and took their marriage vows all over again.

We call that good. We forget those vows too easily. How long since you traveled back to the little book the preacher gave you when you promised by all that was high and holy to love, honor and—cherish? Not one in a million of us ever do that.

In a day when divorce has become a



PRESS ASSN.

The workers of Great Britain (above) are the real victims of an empire economy which began long before Labor came to power. Revolution threatens that economy.

national scandal, we need to—badly!

While we're on the subject, we call your attention to the action of the Dowagiac (Michigan) Ministerial Association in adopting a marriage code. The preachers promise that:

"No marriage will be performed if either of the participants is under the influence of liquor. . . . No wedding will be performed for the guilty person of a divorce that is obtained on grounds of adultery. (We're not quite sure about that one.) . . . No out-of-town couples will be married if either person has been twice divorced. . . . Each minister will seek a private interview with the contracting parties for pre-marital counseling."

Why not make that national?

BOYCOTT: Six million young Roman Catholics throughout the United States may soon embark on a month-long "stay-away-from-the-movies" campaign. Started by a California sodality, plans are under way to enlist all high-school sodalities throughout the country, and other Catholic organizations will be asked to pledge their aid in protesting "immoral" films at that time.

This is dynamite—for the producers of immoral movies. We're for it, one hundred and one percent. We have a suspicion that this thing got started in California because "Duel in the Sun" is being shown in California. That picture is the worst the industry has ever tried to force on the American public. The Legion of Decency (also Catholic) will make its sentiments known if and when "Duel" is distributed nationally.

In heaven's name, where are the Protestants? Are they to say *nothing*?

COMMON CUP: Episcopalians in the District of Columbia have been asked by the District Health Officer to discontinue the use of the common cup at Com-

munion. He suggests the use of "intinction," which is a method of administering both elements of the Supper at once, by dipping the wafer in wine or grape juice.

Intinction never seemed to us a very happy compromise, but we do second the motion to outlaw the common cup. The Roman Catholic Church discontinued its use 'way back in the 14th Century, because of plagues and other epidemics of disease traceable to the cup. We are only six centuries behind the times.

Some of us champion the common cup because of its historic value; none of us dares champion it on the grounds of common health. Once, we heard a preacher preach a brimstone-variety sermon, in an effort to convince his people that they should substitute the individual cup for the common; one of his deacons protested violently afterward, claiming that once that cup is "sanctified" (by which he meant blessed) nothing could possibly happen to the communicant. The preacher had a good answer for that one. He offered to smear typhoid germs on the rim of the cup, and then offer it to the deacon. Would the deacon drink it?

At the next Communion, that church used individual cups.

After all, the vessel from which the wine or grape juice is consumed isn't the most important part of the service. If a man have not the spirit of Christ, *no* cup will give it to him.

SPOKESMEN: The American Council for Judaism said something last week that should be printed in every church bulletin in the country. It was a statement to the effect that "No organization can speak authoritatively for *all* Jews." Occasion for the statement was the current use of the terms "Jew" and "Zionist." The Council called upon the American people and their government to remember that there is wide diversity in the ranks of American Jewry.

That needs to be said for others than the Jews. There are too many self-appointed spokesmen making all sorts of wild statements concerning religion in this country, on the false premise that they speak for so many thousands or millions of people in their peculiar church folds. They remind us of the man who said in a recent speech that he spoke "for five million Baptists." To which the following speaker replied, "Brother, you're taking in a lot of territory!"

Let the people speak: they are not dumb.

TEMPERANCE

YOUTH: In Las Vegas, Nevada, a group of teen-agers got fed up with their parents. They didn't leave home, and they didn't criticize their parents unduly; they just got sick and tired of hearing father and mother bewail and bemoan the local situation—and do nothing about it beyond bewailing and bemoaning. Inspired by lively Eileen Abbott, the teen-agers went to work.

Three high-school youngsters from 15 to 18, led by Miss Abbott, went the rounds of grocery stores and fashionable hotels; they purchased bottled goods in thirteen places and bought drinks over the bar in seventeen others. The local newspaper told their story under a six-column headline. We haven't learned yet just what the outcome was, but we have heard that Miss Abbott's phone is working overtime; on the other end of the line are certain worried oldsters. . . .

If we had a little more action like this, we'd be getting somewhere.

ADS: The Board of Temperance of the Methodist Church recently opened a national anti-liquor ad campaign in Chicago. They are asking U.S. Methodists to support a bill outlawing such advertising in newspapers, magazines and on radio programs.

Amen! May the campaign succeed. But if it succeeds, it will need a more intelligent approach than that given it by Bishop Hammaker of Denver, who said, at Chicago, that the liquor industry spends \$100,000,000 annually "to persuade us that drunkenness is the mark of distinction." Frankly, dear readers, the liquor industry does nothing of the kind. We loathe their "distinction" ads; they are false and un-American. But the industry is making every effort in the world to keep its ads clear of emphasis on drunkenness. We have read a lot of their low-grade advertising, but never once have we heard or seen them make any claim that drunkenness is desirable or distinctive. This is the sort of loose talk that has alienated too many fine people from the temperance cause. We have enough sure-fire ammunition, without this wet powder. Let's use it!

There is no substitute for TRUE CHURCH TONE

or for strict conformity to the specifications
of The American Guild of Organists

PARTIAL LIST OF AMERICAN GUILD OF ORGANISTS SPECIFICATIONS TO WHICH THE WURLITZER ORGAN CONFORMS:

PEDAL CLAVIER

Compass: 32-note, CCC to G
Radiation: 8'-6" radius
Concavity: 8'-6" radius
Vertical: 29½" between playing surfaces of middle E natural pedal key and the playing surfaces of the natural keys of the Great manual.

PEDAL ACCESSORIES

Swell and Crescendo Pedals: Heel end of playing surface of shoes overhang sharp keys of pedal clavier within the 1¼" maximum forward position, and the 3/4" maximum distance back of them.
Swell Pedal located directly in the center of middle E—F gap on pedal clavier.

SWELL AND GREAT MANUALS

Compass: CC to c⁴, 61 notes.
Keys overhang a distance of 4" from the front edge of the Swell manual to a perpendicular line touching the front edge of the Great manual keys.
Surface-to-surface: Swell manual is 2½" above Great manual.

ORDER OF STOPS

Divisions of stop tablets have the following sequence from left to right on console: Pedal, Swell and Great.

The order of stops within these divisions are:
16'-8'-4'-2½'-2' and mixtures. Stops assume their normal position according to pitch in the Major Bass, Diapason, Flute, and String divisions. Loudest to softest is the order within pitch-groups. Reeds follow the highest pitch stops of the above groupings.

Organists who complain, quite naturally, that electronic organs have been unfamiliar and inconvenient will find that the new Wurlitzer Organ completely dispels this objection. All essential playing dimensions specified for modern two-manual pipe organs are faithfully adhered to in the design of this superb new instrument.

Pastors and laymen who might not be equally interested in such technical details will, however, be equally enthusiastic about the Wurlitzer's tonal structure. By utilizing the almost infinite variety of electrical impulses produced by free reeds, the Wurlitzer Organ provides a rich family of reverent tones comparable only to the pipe organ itself.

The result is perfection of church music, coupled with amazing economy of space. Your further inquiry is suggested; write Dept. CH-4, Organ Division, The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., N. Tonawanda, N. Y.



The WURLITZER ORGAN
Series 20 Two-Manual

THE RESURRECTION MESSAGE

WITH memories of many Easters, I visited an old Ohio cemetery yesterday—a lovely God's acre not far from a memorial erected to a President and directly across from a little church built more than a hundred years ago. Old Ohio cemeteries differ from those in New England. They are more recent and they do not have quaint sentences on their stones, but they do have their own pioneer distinctions.

I stood by the graves of my friends. They had known my parents and when, as a very young minister, I came to my first church, they were waiting for me. Their home was mine and their friendship and wisdom guided me through those first uncharted seas of public life. Theirs was more than a marriage. It was a perfect partnership. They met at college where their common interests brought them together. Their commencement was also the beginning of their home and career. I never felt that the ministry of Noah Sager, for he was a clergyman too, was ever something apart from Virginia, his wife. In student functions and class plays they had been cast together and always they were together in the churches of their faith, from Ohio to Oregon and back again.

They made religion beautiful and human, but always beyond the voice of man they heard God's voice speaking. His will, as they interpreted it, was that men and women would not find happiness but that happiness would find them if they lived the good life. Always they shared what they possessed; all but their own problems and sorrows. Noah's voice had the vibrant timbre of wind through high trees and his understanding heart matched his fine mind. Virginia's sense of humor saved the world in which she moved from ever being drab or lonely.

As I stood by the graves of my friends, I grieved because in recent years I had seen so little of them. It was the only pain I ever knew because of them. Their message was the Resurrection message and now the message has become an experience. Yesterday I stood by their graves; it was good to remember that they were not there.

THE FIGHT FOR DECENCY

In this issue a blazing article from the pen of Frank Mead, "The Stars Are Also Real," states some of the particulars of the case of decent America against indecent books. Editorially we support that article and



future issues of CHRISTIAN HERALD will seek to strengthen those forces that would unite and make powerful the opposition.

Since World War I the volume of evil fiction in the United States has been a rising tide. Now the "amber" stream has become a flood that threatens America. Always there have been indecencies in print but until our time, reputable publishers did not prospect this "pay dirt."

Today the proudest names and most distinguished houses vie with each other to get into the money. I have just finished a book sent me for review which is as obscene as the galley of a cargo ship, but not a sentence in the publisher's blurb intimates the character of the product. The volume insults even the simplest decencies of life. For this and generally for its kind, "realism" is the excuse offered, but the realism is veriest rot. These foul printed things lower the reading standards of a great people, inspire morose minds to commit crimes and promote delinquency of every sort.

So bad has the situation become that on November 16, 1946, the French League for Social and Moral Action brought suit against two Paris publishers to prevent the continued printing and circulation of novels written by one American author. The League declared the books were "pornographic and an offence against public morals."

In our fight for literary decency we are particularly happy to welcome new publisher allies and it is our hope that the strength they bring may be multiplied until they make available to the American reading public decent books in every field that, with their literary excellency, will shame the publishers who capitalize on printed filth.

Some publishers, particularly a few previously successful with religious books, have now entered the field of fiction and scored best-seller successes. No family and no church library will ever suffer betrayal at their hands. Among their recent great stories are "The Invisible Sun," by Mildred Lee, and "Charitooteer," by Gertrude Eberle.

Specifically CHRISTIAN HERALD commends The Religious Book Club of New York, The Family Book Club of Springfield, Massachusetts, and the Family Reading Club of Mineola, New York. The new family club idea promises to become a fixture in American family reading. With such programs as these, the future of the American reading public for both youth and age has finer prospects than for any previous time within two decades.

Daniel A. Poling

EDITOR

OUR PLATFORM: Christian Herald is a family magazine for all nominations, dedicated to this platform: To advance the cause of Evangelical Christianity; to serve the needy at home and abroad; to achieve temperance through education; to champion religious, social and economic tolerance; to make Church unity a reality; to labor



Many who write objectionable books are claiming that they are "realists." Perhaps so. But they forget that the stars are as real as their garbage-cans.

The STARS ARE ALSO REAL



By Frank S. Mead

WE HAD a boy in school named Teddy Johnson, and at first everybody liked him. He had the face of a Hollywood hero and a quick mind, and he could laugh. But something happened to Teddy that made the boys change his name to "Polecat." Polecat Johnson. And they had good reason.

Polecat got dirty. Behind the handsome face, he developed a filthy mind. He let his hair grow long, his fingernails dirty; he turned "Bohemian"—whatever that is. He dec-

orated every other line he spoke with profanity; he became a retail merchant of dirty jokes, most of which he made up himself. The girls shunned him like the plague and half the boys threatened to knock him flat. But that didn't stop Polecat. He loved it! He looked upon this persecution of the old fashioned and the innocent as a compliment. He said, "I'm a free soul! I'll do as I please." He was so free that finally the faculty just kicked him out of school, and the air around the place was cleaner after that.

I never heard what became of Polecat; he just disappeared. I thought he was gone for good. But lately, I've been seeing his nasty grin leering up at me out of the pages of what the critics call "modern" fiction, out of the best-sellers written by a lot of garbage-peddlers who ought to be confined in institutions for the criminally insane.

They still offer Polecat's defense: they are "free souls." And those of us who dare criticize them are a lot of old-fashioned, intolerant Puritans. Maybe so—but I'd much rather be known as a Puritan than a Polecat. And some of us see no more reason for encouraging them to go on polluting the American mind than we do for encouraging a crank who wants to keep a herd of smelly goats in a city apartment.

These literary Polecats fall, roughly, into three classes. There is, first of all, the fellow who writes books that are ninety-nine percent serious and clean,

but who feels that he just *must* get in something smutty before he finishes the job. He's like a Rembrandt who has finished a masterpiece—and then stands off and throws a handful of mud at it. Take, for instance, as fine a book as *The Wall Between*, which is the story of a preacher and a preacher's wife. It is a splendid writing job, done by a well-informed, serious craftsman. I enjoyed it tremendously—until I reached that page near the end, on which I ran into a single paragraph in which the author injected a nauseating bit of the woodshed variety of illicit love. Why in the name of heaven did she have to do *that*? James Street had another book dealing with a preacher and his wife, at almost the same time, in *The Gauntlet*; this one outsold *The Wall Between* and made the movies—without the aid of the woodshed.

PRETTY much the same thing happens in *We Took To The Woods* and *Happy the Land*, both by the same author. Both books were highly enjoyable and would be good on any man's book list, except for a few sections which are nauseating with profanity.

Even the notorious *Memoirs of Hecate County* may fall in this class. *Hecate* is supposed to be one-hundred percent bad. It isn't. At least, it isn't one hundred-percent obscene. I'd say it is one-hundred percent dull, but there was only one chapter in that book bad enough to get it arrested and haled into court. It's just another piece of fifth-rate fiction.

Most of the books in this group are the kind of books you don't leave lying around the house because you have children who might stumble on the half-dozen paragraphs that smell to high heaven. It's too bad, but that's the kind of books they are.

Then there are the sneer-and-leer boys, who write their stuff from the heights of a superiority complex. They are the Alexander Woolcott type. Woolcott is dead, and we would neither disturb the repose of his soul nor speak disrespectfully of the dead. It is of the living Woolcott we speak here, of the mining, supercilious bore who was as nasty an individual as you wouldn't want to meet. Clean enough in his writing, insults and smut flowed from his speech as easily as oil flows from the proverbial jug; he used language in the presence of decent women that most men would have hesitated to use in a barroom. His disciples, his imitators among modern writers, are legion. They proceed on the impression that all others but themselves are just so many prize fools and numbskulls, fit only to be looted of the price of the book. They usually end up in an insane asylum or on the Bowery.

Third, there are those who write filth for filth's sake, who write smut for the simple reason that some people like smut well enough to pay for it. They write for a special trade, taking a chance on the police. They go as far as they dare; they

have no object in view but sales; they point no moral, but simply describe "life" as they see it. And what a life it is!

Recently, aboard a plane, we picked up a copy of *The Devil Is A Lonely Man*. This was one of two books returned by Dr. Poling, of this magazine, to their publishers, with the statement that these books went to "the last frontier of suggestive, unclean fiction." Dr. Poling was most charitable in his language. This one doesn't leave a thing to the imagination; it doesn't miss a chance anywhere to push your face down in the gutter. Here is a young doctor, for instance, so nobly called to his profession that he looks down at a wasted wreck of an old woman on the examining-table in his office, and longs to pick her up by the heels, swing her around and around and dash out her brains against the wall! There is an old reprobate of a hero who never seems to have done a clean or decent thing in his life (indeed, no character in the whole book seems to have been guilty of that!); he is one long

human orgy of lust, lechery, adultery, theft, etc., etc., etc. Here are two young morons rotten with venereal disease—getting married! Here is a collection of neurotic and evil women found only in the underworld, in asylums and red-light districts. If you like that sort of reading—help yourself!

What made me mad about the book was not so much the waste of time involved in reading part of it, as the fact that I was duped into reading any of it at all by the publisher's announcement on the cover. The publishers said they brought this one out "with a sense of privilege tempered with sadness (the author was killed in the war) and the steady conviction that, by his untimely death, America had lost one of the mighty talents of our time . . . His book is the adventure of a human soul. . . ." (Italics ours.) We regret that the young man was killed; but if this sort of obscene drivel is the mark of "mighty talent"—what a blessing it is that there is so little talent!

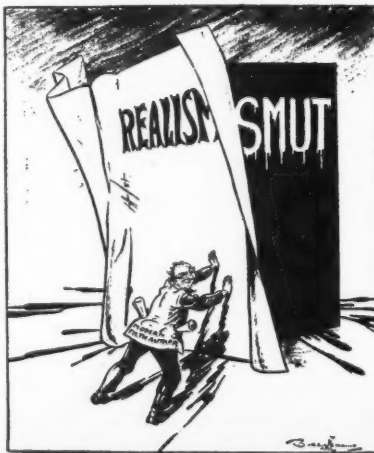
I TRIED to read *Forever Amber*, too. Amber bored me to tears. Aside from two excellent descriptions—one of the London fire and the other of Newgate gaol, there isn't a page in the book worth the time it takes to read it. Why the country got so excited over a story that is ninety-nine percent as dull as yesterday's dishwater is hard for some of us to understand. The "sex" interest, which is supposed to have sold the book (that *must* have sold it; the thing would never get by on its merits) is the juvenile variety of bedroom suggestiveness that most of us heard about and forgot before we were through the sophomore year in high school.

That's the trouble, of course, with this group of writers. Lacking the ability to write real books, they make a stab at the big money with shady books. Totally devoid of any creative ability whatever, they sell only because of tricky advertising, inadequate reviews and the whisper of "forbidden fruit"! The fruit, when you taste it, is worse than persimmons. If these folks are really interested in books that will sell and keep on selling, they might take a good look at *The Robe*, or *In His Steps*.

Every now and then one of these "free souls" authors comes up with a reply to us narrow-minded critics that he thinks is utterly devastating; he asks us with a sneer and a leer, "Do you ever read the Bible? Ever read the Book of Hosea?" Yes, I've read *Hosea*—in three languages. And I find something in the Book of Hosea which these fellows evidently missed completely: I find a moral and spiritual lesson. The story deals with a fallen woman, yes—and she is made to appear just about as unattractive as a fallen woman really is. *She isn't glorified*. The hero of this piece happens to be Hosea the husband, not Gomer the wanton—Hosea, the "narrow and old-



Two of the hard-hitting Burris Jenkins cartoons used by the New York Journal-American in their recent crusade against obscene books. (Reproduced by permission.)



fashioned" fellow who stood like a rock for decency, who is the perfect symbol of spiritual courage in the presence of a harlot-wife. If the writers of our modern suggestive books pictured love as it is in *Hosea*, they'd have something.

They don't write of that kind of love. They try to make the unlovely character attractive. They put lust in the place of love, dignify divorce and the common-law union above marriage. They would have us believe that illicit love is the ordinary thing, that immoral practices are common, even desirable, that the way to overcome temptation is to yield to it. They drop that sort of writing down into the ranks of war-shattered youth, into the ranks of juveniles not even old enough to have fought the war—and what happens is a story you can read plainly on the records of criminal and divorce courts. Youth is a great imitator; the younger have a habit of copying the elder. It isn't just odd chance that there were smutty books and literature in the background of the Loeb-Leopold case, and again, more recently, in the Heirens case in Chicago.

So—what do we do about it? Throw all the authors in jail, and let it go at that? That might help, but it isn't enough. Ban the books? Why not? The authors of this tripe can laugh all they want at the business of banning books from Boston or New York, but when *Hecate* was banned from New York City, its publisher lost the most lucrative book-market in America, and I don't think he laughed over that.

Arrest the bookseller? That will help, but not enough. The trouble with this is that some lowly bookstore clerk suffers for the sins of the author and the publisher; he's a whipping-boy. Booksellers must take their share of the responsibility, but booksellers have hundreds, perhaps thousands, of titles on their shelves, and they can't possibly read them all. They must depend upon the publishers for their information. One bookseller in New York City made it pretty plain that a stronger hand was badly needed in the book industry: "We should have an impartial board to determine in advance the type of literature to be made available to the public. Now, obscenity is available to all, old and young."

He's quite right. And either the publishers will admit he's right and do something about it, or they are in for it. As they are going now, they are asking for a censorship that will make them scream to high heaven. These are no cheap little fly-by-night publishing houses doing this: they are old, reliable, highly honored names. They are too good, too reputable, to have a political censorship inflicted upon them. But, sure as shooting, that is what is going to happen, unless. . . .

What is really needed to stop this evil, polluting flood of dirty writing is an

(Continued on page 65)

I am the Cross

I am the Cross!

The most despised of objects and

The most sacred of symbols.

I was the instrument of torture

In the world's most unusual crucifixion.

It was upon me your Saviour died.

I was inevitable in the life of Jesus.

O World! It was for your sins that

He was nailed upon me.

I am evidence of His love and sacrifice.

He made this atonement gladly

That all might be redeemed and

Achieve a place in God's Kingdom.

I was only an inanimate object of wood,

But I did not decay on Calvary's hill

For I am the Cross!

My influence is everlasting.

Atop a lofty church steeple

I guide a stranger to a place of worship.

Fashioned out of gold or silver

I adorn the garments of Jesus' followers.

Hymnwriters have glorified me,

Artists portrayed me and

Poets immortalized me.

O World! Cast off thy sins,

Away with thy greed and hate.

What matters race, color or creed?

Clasp hands with the host of Christians

Who recognize me as a token of

The Way, the Truth, the Life,

I am their sign of triumph,

I am the Cross!

Josephine Mathers Cook

What's ahead in MISSIONS?

By Dr. Gordon S. Seagrave

I WENT out of Burma in a hurry, with General Stillwell—and I wasn't the only missionary to do that. Burma, as you probably know, is perhaps the only country overrun by the Japanese from which *all* the missionaries of *all* denominations were evacuated.

And all of us had a lot of sleepless nights, while we waited to go back, wondering what had happened to those we had worked with and learned to love. Had they been true to their new faith? Had all our missionary schools been destroyed, our hospitals taken over and made useless? We worried over that.

Perhaps I worried more than most, for my work had been done with the Shans, a Buddhist people. It wasn't exactly an easy field; after fifty years of missionary endeavor, we had only three Shan Christian churches—and they were weak and the subject of scorn. To be quite frank about it, I often wondered just how seriously our Shan churches took their Christianity. I would not have been the

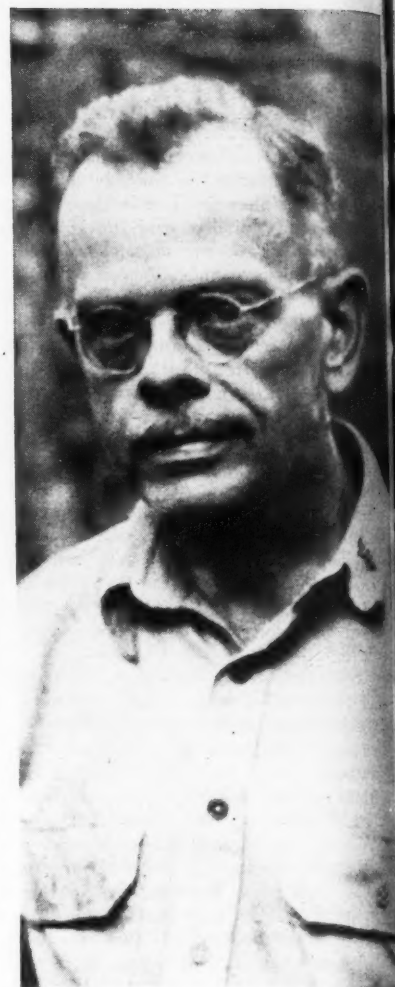
least bit surprised to find that the Shans, under Japanese occupation, had slipped back into their old Buddhism. They had every reason to do just that.

I was the first missionary to return to his Burma station, and what I saw made my heart sink like lead. Our hospitals had been badly bombed; many of them were rubble. Many of our wooden buildings had disappeared, burned in Japanese campfires or torn down and rebuilt into shacks for their troops. Our two Christian churches at Namhkam and Muse were gone, as completely gone as though the earth had opened up and swallowed them. Bombs had just missed our stone mission church building; one wall was down, the others were badly cracked, and the roof was a mass of torn and twisted iron sheets. There were no windows, no window frames. It looked like something out of Dante. Physically, we were ruined.

But spiritually—ah, that was another story! Spiritually, that fifty years of missionary work had paid dividends that just can't be reckoned in dollars and cents. With their physical equipment shot from under them, with their homes gone and their friends and relatives scattered, wounded or killed, the Burmese in our three Shan churches had failed only once, during the whole occupation, to hold divine service! I had many of those churchmen and churchwomen on my hospital staff; they had been warned that the Japanese would have it in for them, above all the others, if they caught them; the only time these Christians failed to pray and worship was when they were running so hard for the shelter of the jungle that they didn't dare stop!

I discovered, when I finally found our senior native Shan pastor, that more new converts had been baptized and that fewer had reverted to Buddhism than at any time previous to the occupation. Offerings to the church had been larger, in spite of the black market and the general inflation in living costs, and the pastors of the three churches had been paid their salaries regularly.

It was almost too good to be true. I decided to put these native Christians



THE FAMED "BURMA SURGEON" . . .

Two Burmese girls work at the microscope in a rough jungle hospital.



to a further test, just to see what their reactions would be. I told the pastors that the churches must remain self-supporting; I had no American funds to help them. It didn't bother them at all! They got together, estimated the salaries their pastors would need, finally agreed to let the pastors set their own salaries. The preachers put their heads together and came up with the suggestion that they be paid just two-thirds as much as a laboring coolie could earn working at a menial job for the Americans. Those preachers went up another big notch in my estimation!

Then came the Christmas of 1945—our first post-war Christmas together. I had been away for six weeks just before that Christmas, and I made no suggestions as to how we should celebrate the day. In the days before the war we had always taken up a special Christmas offering, and that was followed by a feast. We used to work hard in those days—very hard—to get together as much as one hundred dollars. A good bit of this was American money.

But this year we collected, in a spontaneous burst of Christian enthusiasm,



All photos from Acme

... SITS NEAR THE RUINS OF HIS HOSPITAL IN NAMHKAM WATCHING A CELEBRATION IN HONOR OF HIS RETURN.

twelve hundred dollars! Then hundreds of non-Christians came in to help us celebrate that collection with the greatest feast we'd ever had. With all the feasting, over one-third of the Christmas offering remained unspent. The churches promptly held a business meeting at which they decided to bank about a hundred dollars (a kind of "emergency fund") for their own work, and to turn over the rest to me, to be used for our hospital work. It was a little embarrassing to me—but that's the way those people are.

ONE DAY, at dinner, chief pastor Ai Pan told me of an incident I'll never forget. He said that on one occasion during the occupation the Japanese garrison commander had ordered him to appear for questioning. "My wife never expected me to return," he said. "We decided that we would keep quiet about my being a Christian. I answered all his questions to the best of my ability, and then I turned cold when he asked me point-blank, 'Are you a Christian?'"

"Yes, sir. I am," I answered. I was shaking with fear as I said it.

"Did you ever hear of Kagawa?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed! I have read several of his books," I replied. I managed to save two of them when we ran into the jungle.

"Kagawa baptized me," said the officer. "I am Christian, too!"

"Then I relaxed," said the humble Ai Pan. "And what a chat I had with the general after that!"

I have been told that some of the missionaries who fled into India had printed little hymnals to be distributed when they got back to Burma, so the people could sing again. That was a good idea, but rather wasted. None of the natives who owned Bibles or hymnbooks left them behind. They left almost everything they owned, much property they could ill afford to spare—but not the hymnbooks and the Bibles. That struck me as a strange performance, the more I thought of it, for these Burmese could have left those hymn collections behind and still not be bereft. For they knew their sacred songs by heart.

All this was encouraging. I found a few things not so encouraging. I found among the missionaries the same old

confusion as to where they should work. You see, there are many different races in Burma, with different languages. The two majority races, the Burmese and the Shans, are Buddhists, and very slow to accept Christianity. The minority races are animists, and they accept Christianity almost too easily. It is a great temptation to stop missionary work among the "difficult" races and to push it among the easier animists; it seems easier to raise money in America for those fields in which there are the most conversions! I could never quite understand that; to me, the place for a light is where it is darkest, where it is needed most. What are missions for, anyway?

This philosophy reminds me of a similar one I found in medical work. When I once proposed opening a hospital at Bawlake in the Karenni States, I was opposed with the suggestion that "Bawlake is too unhealthy a place for a hospital." But what on earth is a hospital for? Or a doctor?

As a doctor, I would feel a great deal better about curing a hundred persons with really serious illnesses than treating

(Continued on page 68)



IN TOPEKA, YOUNG DR. SHELTON secured convictions against twenty druggists for illegal sale of liquor. He visited the men in jail; brought them books and lent them money.

By
GLENN
CLARK

[PART ONE]

CHARLES SHELTON was one of the best examples I ever met of Jesus' admonition: "Everyone therefore that heareth these words of mine and doeth them, shall be likened unto a wise man, who built his house upon the rock; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not; for it was founded upon the rock."

I was not with him one hour before I saw clearly that the secret of the permanence in everything he did lay in his refusal to be content in merely talking of and about the great spiritual laws of life, and his insistence on immersing himself in these laws, experiencing them, making himself one with them. He rebelled against being a bystander and onlooker before the drama of life. His passion was to plunge into the thick of the struggle and become a part of it. He was not satisfied in merely wondering *how* the other half of the world lived. Not until he identified himself with that other half and lived the life with them was he content. Not only was he a thinker, but a doer.

The roots of this "doer-habit" were planted in his early childhood when he was taught to work on his father's farm.

"My boyhood on that prairie farm," he mused, "held a fascination that I believe very few boys have ever known. There is nothing more wholesome and elemental and human than physical work. This was never so born upon me as when I went East to school and had left the farm behind me—and all the fun and adventure that is a regular part of farm life. There was a thrill connected

THE MAN

who walked with GOD

Two great writer-ministers collaborated on this story. Dr. Clark interviewed Dr. Sheldon just before Dr. Sheldon died, and he has made a new book on the great Kansan out of that interview, calling it "The Man Who Walked in His Steps." Through the courtesy of the publishers, Macalester Park Publishing Co., St. Paul, Minn., Christian Herald presents a two-part condensation of the book. Part Two will appear in the May issue.—*The Editors.*

with feeding stock and milking cows and harnessing wild horses and ugly mules, chopping wood, hauling water, burning off fire breaks in the teeth of a storm that was sweeping a thirty-mile wide prairie fire. One tastes life as he finishes his chores by the light of a lantern. And the sheer joy of turning over the first prairie sod with a ribbon of clean cut primitive mold that did not break as the grass and shoestrings went under, in a straight-lined furrow a quarter of a mile long, was a joy so real and satisfying that I have never ceased to wonder over the stupidity of those who regard physical toil as something to be avoided as a burden and even a disgrace. If there was anything that Dakota farm taught us all for life it was the dignity and joy of work with our hands."

This getting down to the grassroots of

action had further expression in his first ministry at Waterbury, Vermont, when he stepped out of the mere routine of ministerial duties of preaching and devised a street sprinkler to lay the dust on Main Street, that was so devastating to the peace of the old ladies of the town. He started a reading club to compete with the dance halls for the young people's attention. Out of this reading club later came the town library. He got the city to get a hearse to carry its dead to the cemetery. Finding that twenty-five or thirty of his older parishioners were too deaf to hear his sermons he arranged with a printer in Montpelier to print one sermon every month which was handed to every person at the door that day. The expense was met by voluntary silver offerings at the door as people passed out.

Being very shy and yet eager to iden-

ify himself more completely with the life of his parishioners, he startled them one day by suggesting that each Sunday he would be willing to go home with a family that would make him their guest for a week, and beginning with the following Sunday he would go to another family, and so on. In many of these homes he started family altars and in all he derived deeper insight into the desires and needs of the people of the parish that enabled him to make his ministry more valuable to them all.

"Somehow it grew on me," said Dr. Sheldon, "during those short two years there in the Green Mountains among those farm people and townspeople, as I met them on Main Street and in their homes and on Sundays, that what I could do for them in between the Sundays, and what they had to teach me in between the preaching and teaching periods meant far more to them and to me than any professional service they paid me for or that I tried to earn."

But while Charles Sheldon was at Waterbury, he had a secret little dream that he didn't confide to anybody. And that dream was that some day he might have a church all his own that had never had a previous minister or previous history, a brand new church, waiting like clay to be moulded according to the pattern in the potter's mind. So when sixty people in Topeka, Kansas sent him a call he immediately accepted it.

In an upper room over a meat market the little church began. With sixty to

start with, over forty more joined at the first communion, and before the year was over they were in a new building of their own and growing fast.

The very first winter presented an opportunity for Charles Sheldon to initiate his people into the pattern that he had envisioned on his little mountain tops of prayer—a pattern of making Christianity a vital, living thing that functions in the workaday world of men. The winter of 1889-1890 was a critical year all over the world. It was the beginning of the breakdown of what Charles Sheldon called "our horribly blundering and stupid industrial system that does not work according to any well-established plan of brotherhood of men but is driven by forces that revolve around some pagan rule of life called 'supply and demand' or a 'market' or a 'condition'; rather than around a combined and intelligent effort of human beings who have a mutual interest in one another instead of a cunningly devised scheme to get something out of one another."

In previous years whenever an economic crisis threw thousands of men out of work they climbed into covered wagons and went forth seeking new frontiers to settle, new lands to plough, new forests to convert into log houses for their wives and children to be protected from the cold. But in 1890 by a decree of Congress the frontiers were officially closed. There was no place for the homeless and unemployed to go. Then began

the decade when Coxey's armies began to move, strikes and boycotts began, and the series of depressions that one by one paved the way for the suicidal attempts to end all depressions by the far vaster depressions known as World War I and World War II.

In 1890 in Russia Tolstoy deeded his opulent estate to his wife and children and donning an old coat went out and worked side by side with his men in the field. In the same year, almost the very same hour, Charles Sheldon hunted up the oldest suit of clothes he could find in his closet and pulling on an old hat so his friends wouldn't recognize him, started on a journey from one end of the town to the other looking for work. The streetcar barns, the drug stores, the restaurants and the boarding houses, every place but the theatres and tobacco stores was visited by him, and one by one all turned him away.

ALL WEEK LONG this shabbily dressed man plodded through blinding snowstorms. When Friday arrived the snow was piled high on the Santa Fe tracks, and a crew of men were busily shoveling the snow from the ties and switches. Charles Sheldon stared at them with envy, then going to a coalyard beside the tracks he borrowed a shovel and worked with the Santa Fe gang the rest of the day. The next morning the coal man from whom he had borrowed the shovel gave him a job for the morning shoveling coal from a freight train into the coalyard bin. He was so thrilled at the opportunity of honest toil that he worked so fast he had the job finished and with fifty cents in his pocket to put

"There was sheer joy in turning over the first prairie sod with a ribbon of clean-cut primitive mold that did not break as the grass and shoestrings went under, in a straight-lined furrow a quarter of a mile long."



in the Sunday contribution box he walked home with the satisfied feeling of Longfellow's Village Blacksmith.

This week of searching had taken so much time from sermon writing that all he could produce in his evening hours was one for Sunday morning. This caused him no concern for when Sunday evening came he held them spellbound by narrating the unique adventures of the man in old clothes looking for work.

He followed this with one of the most unique experiments ever entered into by a minister of the Gospel. He discovered that his town was composed of seven groups of people: Doctors, Lawyers, Business Men, Railroad Men, Street Car Men, College Students and Newspaper Men. He set aside two months to plunge as deeply into their lives as the Lord would let him go.

The first week he lived with the doctors, visiting the hospitals with them, watched them operate, accompanied them on their personal calls, attended their weekly meeting, plied them with questions and complied with everything they asked him to do except take their medicine.

The next week he read law in the office of a prominent judge, attended his court trials, heard cases between lawyers and clients, attended meetings of the Bar Association and simply lived, moved and had his being with the lawyers of the city, amidst all the turmoil that laws had been passed to prevent.

Another week he lived with businessmen and interviewed managers, addressed employees and ferreted out all the problems businessmen are called upon to face. This was followed by a truly exciting week with the railroad men. The superintendent gave him a pass, permitting him to ride on any train or any engine he wished to. He lived in cabooses, in engines, walked on tops of moving freight cars and spent two nights on a switching engine at the yards. He visited the big machine shops and talked with all types of railroad men regarding the problems of their work.

His week among the college students came like an oasis in this two weeks of labor, as he thoroughly enjoyed the lectures and the indoor baseball games he played with the boys, and through conversations along the way he learned all about the religious life of the students and what the students really needed and what they thought they needed.

In his newspaper week he became a regular reporter covering political and society events for the *Topeka Daily Capital*, mingling with the reporters and the pressmen and the editors as one of them, and amassing a vast fund of information about their work and ideals; and in the process, creating an ideal of his own regarding what a newspaper might become.

But in these weeks he had contacted few Negroes and so he decided to give

(Continued on page 54)

CHRISTIAN HERALD'S

CLASSIFIED ADS

This is free space. No charge, no money paid. If you're original enough, with a respectable Christian complaint, we might use what you send. But we don't promise anything.

HELP WANTED: MEN

YOUNG PASTOR

A new pastor wanted by thriving church. Must be young, good looking, handy around house and church, must be able to preach like Beecher, handle men like MacArthur. Must be tireless in visiting day and night; have perfect bedside manner and be able to hold head up at social teas. Must know how to train children, youth and adults; must know Bible by heart, contemporary literature and classics. Must have college, seminary education and previous experience. Must have wife impervious to gossip, ready to do whatever he hasn't time to do. Parish cannot afford to provide transportation, so he must bring own car. Parsonage badly heated, cellar musty, roof leaky, termites in walls and floors, rusted waterpipes; cold in winter, hot in summer. Salary, \$1200 a year, if he makes good. Apply First Christian Church, Middletown, U.S.A.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER. Man for class of 13-year-old boys. Must have patience of saint, endurance of prizefighter, wide acquaintance embracing the Bible, football, modern orchestras, radio thriller programs, motion pictures, algebra, big-league baseball, Lil' Abner, and the Apostles' Creed. Only one condition required: must promise to look at lesson before Sunday morning, not to read it on way to Sunday school. Apply: Third Presbyterian Church, Middletown, U.S.A.

WANTED: MISCELLANEOUS

CHURCH

Wanted: A white-folks' church in which we will be accepted as human beings and fellow Christians. Address: Twelve Million American Negroes, U.S.A.

A PLACE TO LIE DOWN AND REST. Address: Four Million Jews, Europe.

WANTED: MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED: Some sensible explanation. We are the high-school veterans of World War II. We have been sticking bayonets in fellow men, expertly, for long time; have seen death as a commonplace, been encouraged to deal it out. Now they ask us to settle down in high-school classrooms with 12-year-olds, study geometry, join glee clubs, act in adolescent drama clubs, study culture of countries we helped destroy. Amusin' and confusin'. We find it difficult to settle down. Can anyone help? Address: High School Veterans, U.S.A.

GOVERNOR wanted. Quickly please! Address: The State of Georgia.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST: A sense of the hand of God in human affairs. We have the perfect economic system, perfect equality between classes, perfect form of government, perfect leaders, biggest army ever, all sorts of passwords and slogans, all varieties of dreams. Have everything, but everybody is dissatisfied and afraid. Outlawed God some time back; find it difficult to get along without Him, but can't bring Him back officially and not lose face. Please advise. Address: Soviet Government, Moscow, U.S.S.R.

FOUND: A new way of life. No longer interested in joy rides, liquor, burning up the town or painting it red. Found something here we've been missing, something able to find nowhere else. Address: Recent Converts of Youth for Christ, U.S.A.

WHIPS: Prize collection lost, including one Georgia blacksnake; also set of handcuffs, two large barrels of tar, three bags of feathers, one Kleagle costume and our sense of decency and appreciation of the American way of doing things. Address: Ku Klux Klan, U.S.A.



"I PRAY WHILE MOST PEOPLE ARE SLEEPING—BETWEEN ONE AND THREE IN THE MORNING."

THOSE who tithe their incomes are convinced of the many benefits which come to them in return, but I have found a man who tithes something else and receives even greater benefit—and shares it with others.

He tithes his time.

I came to know this man's works before I knew him. The wife of an alcoholic told me of the miraculous cure of her husband after this man had prayed for him. A home, in which there were several small children, was about to break up when this man asked the mother to stay on for another six months. At the end of that time the family had become a congenial unit and their happiness in each other, now, is something to be envied.

There were stories of healing, stories of failures turned into success, stories of dwarfed, crippled lives being directed upon new pathways. Wherever this man went, it seemed, he left changed lives in his wake.

What was the secret of this man's unusual ability?

When he again came to our city I determined to find out.

"If I am able to serve a little more than most people, it is only that I tithe my time," he told me. "Considering that all we are and all that we have is God's, spending a couple of hours a day realizing it and giving thanks seems a small thing to do, doesn't it?"

Most of us give some time each day in morning prayer, before meals and

Tithing TIME

By

LAUREL KEYNAN



upon retiring, but few of us find two hours a day to devote to God. (There are some who consider giving one hour on Sunday more than they can spare.) How, I wondered, could this man who taught, traveled, lectured and wrote technical and scientific books, manage it?

I studied him. He had the compact build of an athlete. While his shock of white hair gave him a patriarchal appearance, his face was smooth and unlined. His warm brown eyes were clear and most kindly. Even when he was sitting still there was an impression of alertness about him as though he commanded untold power, ready to be released into action. To be in his presence was to partake of his "aliveness" and to feel strengthened and refreshed. But it was hard to imagine this dynamic per-

son sitting down, folding his hands and quietly praying for "a couple of hours a day."

"What do you consider tithing your time?" I wanted to know. "Doing good works, reading the Bible, praying, or what?"

"Good works and reading the Bible should be done on one's own time, not that one-tenth set aside as God's," he replied. "I might say 'prayer' is the word most nearly describing it. Of course 'prayer' to some means only petition. It would become tiresome for even those people to spend two hours a day just asking for things they want." His dark eyes shone with humor. "Prayer to me is communion, a *contact* with God. It is surrendering myself wholly to His will, taking whatever problem I have, or decision to be made, to Him and waiting for Him to guide me. Prayer means a cleansing of myself, letting go of personal opinions, pride, resentment, in fact every thought, word or action which I can detect as being un-Christlike, and so making room for God's love to flow in and fill me and my affairs.

"Until one practices that daily surrender, he hasn't any idea how effortless, how joyous living can be—just ordinary, daily living under any circumstances.

"When I have prayed for everyone I know who needs help, I reach out to the whole world; to little children ill and lonely in hospitals, to men confined in prisons, the wretched and miserable

(Continued on page 69)

Campers with a Conscience

Under Quaker leadership, young people are putting their shoulders to tasks in summer work camps. They are getting more than muscle, they are learning of the America that lies behind the facade of ease and comfort.

STUDENTS of more than a hundred colleges and high schools all over the United States voluntarily gave up canoe-and-hammock vacations last summer to work with their hands at hard labor. They dug ditches, crushed rock, pulled stumps, renovated buildings. Some tended the children of impoverished families in mountain villages and city slums; others founded and operated non-profit coöperative stores, dairies and canneries, which were turned over, when they left, to the community. For all this hard work they received no wages. Instead, they paid cash for the opportunity.

They were enlistees in the fast-growing army of summertime Work Campers, a unique project organized by the Quakers in 1934. That year, as an experiment, the Quakers sent fifty-six young men and women into an impoverished Pennsylvania community to help build a badly needed system of roads. The experiment worked. The campers returned to college with eyes newly opened to the misery that can prevail along the social borderlands of wealthy America. And the community, instead of resenting them, had welcomed and appreciated their help. Many had made warm friends among the collegians. Here was something to work on. It had taken classroom theory into practice; replaced lectures with action. To the Quakers

this was getting closer to the inner meaning of religion.

The American Friends Service Committee, the Quaker social agency in Philadelphia, threw its energies and money into the program. Within four years Work Camps had attracted nationwide attention and applications streamed in from students. The idea has continued to grow and to exercise an increasing attraction for students of every sort. Last summer the AFSC conducted fifteen camps with students from twenty-eight states and five foreign countries. Fifty-one colleges and ten denominations were represented. At the same time, nine other denominations with memberships in the millions have sponsored Work Camps of their own.

Last August I climbed a craggy road to a mountaintop near New Haven, Conn., to visit the typical Holley Ridge work camp. Forty Yale divinity students, working on week-ends without pay, had helped to start this camp for New Haven's Negro slum children. Now fourteen high-schoolers, encamped there for eight weeks, were working to complete it.

As I gained the summit, two of the six girl campers, garbed in blue jeans and work shirts, were at grips with a heavy stump in an area slated to be a playground. Half a dozen other youngsters were fitting heavy cinder blocks into the foundation for a new building;

others were laying a cement walk. To do this work, each camper had paid \$125 to cover eight weeks of board and incidental expenses, and had provided his or her transportation to and from camp.

Glen and Lorita Fisher, the 24-year-old postgrads who directed the camp, led the way to the Campfire Circle, an octagon of rude planks surrounding an open fire site. Here the campers gathered daily after breakfast for twenty minutes of silent meditation; here they held their business meetings and planned the day's work; and here in the evenings they assembled around a blazing fire for reading, singing, games and talk. This was the camp's heart. Here seventeen young men and women, including the directors and a counsellor, were undergoing an experiment in amicable living, united by the principle of shared hard work.

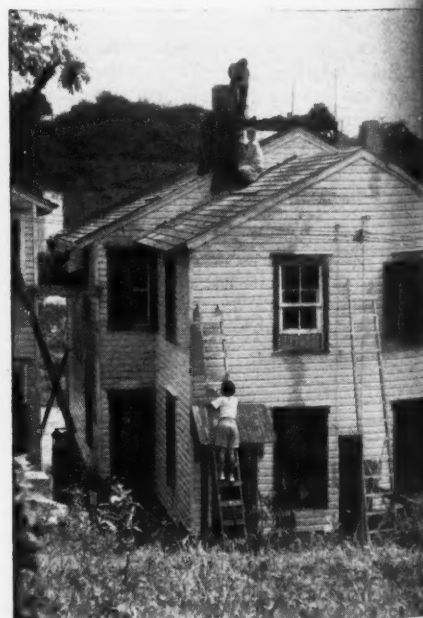
The campers differed in race, religion, sex, heritage and social position. But now after working six weeks together, the give-and-take of good feeling among them was manifest.

The campers seemed to get a real lift out of the morning meditation, although this silent worship was new to most of them. Attendance was not required, but everyone took part. Several, unused to sustained contemplation without the guidance of spoken prayer, text or ritual, read to themselves during the period—



ALL PHOTOS FROM AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMM.

Each summer young folk give up their vacations to work at hard labor. Above: The campfire at Holley Ridge Work Camp, Conn. Right: Busy on a project.



By

HOLMAN HARVEY

the New Testament, the Jewish Prayer Book, Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet*.

In the business sessions which follow meditation, decisions are reached by unanimous consent or "a sense of the meeting." A minority is never over-ridden. The Quakers believe that the tyranny of the majority is still tyranny. If a unanimous "sense of the meeting" is not reached, decision is put aside in the conviction that with good will a solution will be found. Without good will, the matter may as well remain unsolved anyway.

Around the fire at night, serious discussions of social problems take place. Passages are read from pertinent books of sociology and economics, and viewpoints exchanged. And there are games, singing, and square dancing; on weekends long picnic outings, hot-dog roasts, and ball games.

Work camps are invariably set down
(Continued on page 85)



Above: Helping build a framework for a house, this brawny young camper is also building a "frame of meaning" around his life.



Above: At a Quaker work camp, a young college man teaches arts and crafts to the underprivileged youngsters in surrounding areas.

Right: The nursery playground at Flanner House, Indianapolis—founded under Quaker sponsorship and directed by the Negro leader, Cleo Blackburn.



By RUTH ANNE WINDSOR

MISS KRITCHETT sat erect. Mrs. Van Antwerp tapped the table. "Ladies," she began, "we have an important matter to discuss tonight. Reverend Carr has consented to let our guild decorate the church for the Easter service."

"I'll bring my golden candelabra," said Mrs. Peterson.

"And I'll bring Aunt Sarah's handmade lace cloth for the table," added Mrs. Tompkins.

Miss Kritchett was silent.

"Let me have your attention, please, ladies. I will pass around a paper and each of you can write down whatever you can bring," said Mrs. Van Antwerp. She continued, "I know some of you live in furnished apartments, but we'll need some good workers to decorate next Saturday afternoon." She handed a paper to Mrs. Peterson, who wrote quickly and passed it on.

Miss Kritchett sat in the back row. When the paper came to her she looked down the list—candelabra, candles, lace cloth, purple ribbons, flowers. Her cheeks flushed as she gave it to Mrs. Adams. She couldn't even spare a Saturday afternoon. That would mean two dollars out of her pay.

Mrs. Adams patted her hand. She whispered, "No one will expect *you* to give, dear."

A large lump came into Miss Kritchett's throat. She blinked back the tears.

Mrs. Adams took the list back to Mrs. Antwerp, who tapped the table again. "Thank you, ladies," she said, "this is a fine list. I am sure our church will be beautiful. If there is no further business, let us adjourn. It's high time we all were home in bed."

As the ladies left there were many "good nights." Miss Kritchett walked out slowly. Mrs. Van Antwerp was waiting at the door. "Dear—why—why you've been crying," she said. "I have a splendid idea. You bring some white candles for Mrs. Peterson's candelabra. I'll tell her not to bring any."

"Oh no," cried Miss Kritchett, "please don't do that. I'm sure she wouldn't want my candles in her contribution. Please don't do that."

Mrs. Van Antwerp sighed. "My dear, you've just got to forget that Mrs. Peterson ever made that remark about poor folks joining the guild. I'm sure she didn't mean it the way it sounded."

"Please don't mention the candles, Mrs. Van Antwerp," Miss Kritchett pleaded.

"All right, dear, we'll let it go then. Good night."

None of the ladies lived Miss Kritchett's way. She lived across the tracks. Maybe she just ought to withdraw from

the guild. But she loved the meetings. She liked to watch Mrs. Van Antwerp pound the gavel and make the ladies quiet. She liked the little cakes and tea they sometimes had after the meetings and she liked to listen to the ladies talk. It was so different from the way the girls at the restaurant talked. She couldn't understand them. They said she wasn't "hep," laughing as they said it.

it was bent. Gently she lifted it up and tied it to a stick. There were fat buds on it.

Each night Miss Kritchett hurried home to see how her lily was coming along. Some mornings she put it in the sun, but on Friday she put it in the closet, for it was almost open.

On her way home Saturday night she passed the hat shop. There was a beau-

Miss Kritchett's

She unlocked her front door and went straight to the cupboard and took the cup from behind the flour sack and poured the money on the shelf. Counting it wouldn't make more than \$18.39, but there was a chance she might have put some extra in it. But she hadn't. This was just enough for the rent and an Easter hat. Her old coat would have to do. If she went without the hat she would have \$2.39. What would that buy beside a few white candles? She'd *never* buy white candles for Mrs. Peterson's candelabra. She'd resign first! She put the money back in the cupboard. Tomorrow on her break she'd look around in the stores.

The next day when her "break" came at the restaurant, Miss Kritchett hurried out. She didn't even stop for the coffee the bus boy put on her salad board. She went into the department store next door. Everything was so expensive. She was just leaving when she saw the sign: "Easter Lilies \$5.00 and up." She went over. "Haven't you anything less, Miss?" she asked timidly.

"I've got one crooked one that's just about broken off. It's three dollars," answered the girl.

Miss Kritchett nodded excitedly. "I—I haven't the money now but if you'll just trust me till tomorrow, I'll bring it right in."

The girl went over to the floor walker and came back smiling. "He says it's okay. You won't have much of a plant though if that stem breaks," she cautioned.

The girl wrapped up the lily and Miss Kritchett took it. She went back to her salad board and after she had made her two hundred and thirty-ninth salad, she took her lily home. She carefully unwrapped it and looked at the place where

tiful little hat covered with yellow daisies. Miss Kritchett saw the tag—\$2.98! She sighed and hurried home.

She took her lily out of the closet. You could hardly see the stick, and the plant stood tall and straight. She sniffed at the blooms. There was a faint smell already. She wrapped it carefully and took it to the church. All the guild ladies had gone, but Mrs. Van Antwerp was still there.

"Mrs. Van Antwerp," she began, "here is my contribution."

Mrs. Van Antwerp took the lily from her. "Why bless your heart, Miss Kritchett. You needn't have done that. I was just getting ready to go. I have to pick up my Easter bonnet before the store closes. Good night, dear."

Miss Kritchett walked to the door. "Good night," she said slowly as she went out. She walked an extra block so she didn't have to pass the hat store. When she got home she opened her Bible to Acts and read the 35th verse in the 20th chapter several times: "...remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, *It is more blessed to give than to receive.*"

Early next morning she ironed the veil on her old black felt. It didn't look so bad.

When the church bells began to chime, Miss Kritchett started out. It was a beautiful day. If it would have rained a little the ladies wouldn't wear the new hats. But the sun shone brightly.

When she walked down the aisle to her pew she gasped. There right in the very middle of the altar was her plant in full bloom. It was the biggest lily she had ever seen and it was so pure and white. She looked around. Everyone was looking at her lily. They didn't even see her old black hat.

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She took her lily out of the closet. You could hardly see the stick and the plant stood tall and straight. She sniffed at the blooms. There was a faint smell already.



DON'T ASK YOUR PREACHER FOR THE MOON!

A FRIEND and I were talking one day about a preacher we both knew. The man had become jittery and was hoping for a call to another field. My friend said, "The fellow's got plenty of stuff on the ball and many of his people appreciate him, but a handful of his leaders are demanding the impossible. They want a combination of Billy Sunday, John Wesley, Harry Emerson Fosdick and the Apostle Paul, and the poor fellow, naturally, just can't make the grade."

The comment may have been a bit severe, but it puts a finger squarely on one of the worst ailments now besetting the Church in America. Many a con-

gregation, with the best of intentions and often with a lot of genuine affection thrown in besides, is nevertheless slowly killing its preacher by the simple method of expecting and asking of him far more than he has in him to give. Worse still, by so weakening the morale and power of the ministry, many fine church people are whittling down the effectiveness of the church as a whole.

Not that preachers, in this respect, are in a class by themselves. They aren't. *Life*, the magazine, once ran a series of pictures showing the dozens of activities that must normally be crowded into the typical day of a Congressman—interviews, letter-writing, study of bills, and

all the rest—and *Life's* conclusion was that the American people, without knowing it, are overloading our national lawmakers to a degree that makes peak efficiency all but impossible. The condition prevails in many fields of public life, and yet I have a notion that nowhere does it take quite so high a toll—spiritual, mental and nervous—as it does in the field of religion.

Here the trouble is nothing short of alarming; and what makes it so insidious is the fact that it often develops without either congregation or preacher being fully aware of what is happening. As a minister for some fifteen years I have had the opportunity of knowing a

hospital bed with a bad case of mental shock.

We have here, I submit, a spiritual disease of the church that calls for prompt, intelligent, and if need be, drastic treatment. What should be done about it? What *can* be done? Though the preachers involved must always bear a part of the responsibility, it is the laymen of our American churches who can do most to apply the remedies and to bring about a cure. It is to these rank-and-file members that I should like to speak, frankly and pointedly, in this article.

You, let us say, are one of them. You believe in fair play. You also believe in efficiency. You want your church—whether it be a big one in the city or a small one in the country—to do the best job it is capable of doing for your community and the Kingdom of God. What can you do for your preacher that will help your church do that sort of job?

You can see to it for one thing—and nothing else, I think, can possibly get at the root of the trouble—that what you expect of your preacher will coincide with his particular talents, temperament, energies, and capacities. Contrary to what many people think, what saps a minister most is neither mental toil nor physical exertion. It isn't writing sermons, nor is it dashing all over the place visiting the sick and the bereaved and having all those talks with the baffled and backsliding. When the preacher goes about these duties faithfully and does what he can as best he can, knowing that his people are making allowances for what he is untrained for or unfitted to do, his work may be tiring but it isn't crushing. He gets a kick out of it.

What drains him, shrivels him, takes the fight out of him, and often makes him at last a beaten and broken candidate for the madhouse, is something else. It is the haunting awareness, as a shrewd elder of mine once put it, that many of his people "expect their preacher to do everything that *any* preacher was ever called on to do, and do it better than any other preacher in town."

Just what tremendous pressure their combined expectations often lay upon their pastor's nerves most laymen cannot begin to realize. Yet such pressure is rarely absent, and many a time it is so severe that the preacher goes down beneath the weight of it, even the most prayerful effort to adjust himself to it becomes an emotional impossibility.

Look behind the resignation of many a man who volunteered for the chaplaincy, and you find, as one of the key factors, the influence of this pressure. By no means is it true that all the men who swapped a pulpit gown for a service uniform did so because they wanted to "get away." Many, perhaps a majority, volunteered out of a deep sense of their country's need. They cut the ties with their parishes regretfully. But while others donned a uniform with the same

desire to serve, they also did so with a sense of profound relief. They had simply got tired: tired of doing petty things that often left no time for the big ones, tired of the galling effort to be a kind of jack-of-all-ministries. They had been called upon to be preacher, pastor, Sunday-school teacher, director of religious education, and even at times a janitor. They had to be ready with a "little talk" here and "brief invocation" there. They had been expected by many good people to know (by intuition, telepathy, or divine revelation) the moment Aunt Jane sprained her ankle or Uncle Josh went down with the flu, and to get around there right on the heels of the doctor, who of course had been properly notified by phone. And it was just too much! The bill was too long to fill, and too exasperating to try to do so, at least without a revitalizing change of scenery.

It is a predicament in which countless clergymen now find themselves, and one about which many feel that modesty bids them say nothing. But if and when something on this score does need to be said, there ought to be some understanding laymen around who *will* say it, quietly but firmly, and keep on saying it.

A good example of a congregation that has met its minister at least half way in this matter is that of the Franklin Street Presbyterian Church in Baltimore. Dr. Harris E. Kirk, their pastor, is preëminently a scholar, thinker and preacher. Tales of his deepseated dislike for pastoral calling are legendary, and no one enjoys them more than Dr. Kirk himself. But if Dr. Kirk can laugh at his pastoral shortcomings, there's a reason. His people long ago accepted him for what he is, and he knows it. A load has thus been taken off his mind which otherwise might have done serious damage to his personality and his powers. A wise consideration on the part of his people has released him for his best.

It is a grace that any congregation, willing to make ordinary use of its head and heart, can acquire and display. To be sure, having for a pastor a man of Dr. Kirk's unusual gifts may, and doubtless does, make it easier to achieve. But while that may be distinctly helpful, it is by no means essential. All one needs, nine times out of ten, is a fair amount of good will and common sense and a simple willingness to keep one's expectations of the preacher within the limits set by his peculiar nature and individual abilities.

Let us say, now, that you want to be fair to your preacher in this respect. What should you do? Let me suggest a few things that may help you to decide. Size him up honestly, and discover what stuff he is made of. Take into account his age, background, training and present opportunities. If he is twenty-five and just out of seminary, wait a while before you look to him for the wisdom of a sage or the bedside manner of a beloved saint. If he be born in the South



By

JOHN H. MARION, JR.

first hand scores of Christian congregations and hundreds of active ministers. Both groups in the main are composed of a devoted and unselfish lot of people. They are zealous for the welfare of the church, and they want to see it grow and move ahead in strength and service.

Realizing however that, as somebody once said, "The devil never takes a rest," they begin setting goals for their professional leaders that could only be achieved by a spiritual perpetual-motion machine with the potential energy of an atom bomb. The upshot, all too often, is a weary, jaded and discouraged preacher. And sometimes it is far worse. Often the preacher himself succumbs literally and completely to the belief that "with God all things are possible," and he goes around exploding himself in so many directions that, the first thing he and his people know, he is laid up in a

or Middle West, insist, if need be, that he speak clearly and pronounce his words correctly, but don't be offended if he hasn't a Harvard or Oxford accent. If his talents run to study and writing, ask for whatever pastoral service you really need but don't make him waste time merely running around ringing doorbells. If he likes to get out and mingle with people, remember that his sermons aren't likely to be polished artistic productions, and if, on the other hand, he happens to be shy, don't look for him to go around slapping backs with the rampant cheerfulness of a Rotarian just arriving for the Tuesday luncheon.

But there is something else, too, that needs to be said. For though with all I put down so far you may be in full agreement, a much more practical step may need to be taken. You may need to give your minister some assistance—in the form of assistants—who can take part of his present load off his hands. It is quite possible, in fact, that nothing you and your fellow members could do would add more to the spiritual impact of your church upon the community.

The lack of an adequate staff in thousands of our American churches is one of the chief handicaps under which organized Christianity now operates. Just the other day a minister made a remark that I have heard time and again. He said, "We have a church of six hundred members, and I'm the whole staff by myself. We don't even have a secretary." Now that man's church, let me say at once, is not too poor to have a secretary. It does not lack a secretary because it has tried to get one and can't. It has no secretary for the simple reason that its members, up to now, have not been convinced of the need of one. The minister's office work and correspondence—a bigger item in that church and most churches than many people realize—is thus consuming far more of his time than it should, and, what is worse, using up a lot of precious minutes and hours that might be better devoted to creative study or writing and to pastoral counseling.

If this were an exceptional case, the situation might not be so bad; but it isn't. All over the country, in tragic and often unsuspected ways, the special talents and abilities of Christian ministers are being buried or frittered away. Numberless men every day are spreading themselves all too thin because they are forced to assume tasks that long since should have been turned over to part-time or full-time assistants. Though in the past ten or twenty years there has been great improvement at this point, especially in certain of our city churches, the condition generally is still nothing short of deplorable. Indeed it would not be too much to say that, for lack of assistant pastors, church visitors, full-time choir directors and directors of religious education, the Church—the Protestant branch anyway—is far and away

the most pitifully understaffed organization of its size in America.

What's the matter? The trouble, in a nutshell, is that our views of *what* the church should be doing have changed faster than our views of *how* the church should be doing it. People's demands upon the church have grown faster than our vision of how to meet them. While the medical profession, to meet new demands, has been rapidly getting away from the old-fashioned methods of the horse-and-buggy doctor, the ministry is still made to follow a pattern fixed in a former generation.

Look at your doctor a moment. "Doctor," did I say? Pardon me, I should have said "doctors," for the chances are that unless you live a good long way from a city or town you have several. One treats your eyes, another your nose

Cross Bearer

Lord, I cannot be like Peter,
Who preached on many a street;
But I can be like Mary,
Who listened at Thy feet.

I cannot be like Paul, Lord,
That martyr bold and strong;
But I can be like David
And praise Thee with my song.

I cannot be like John, Lord,
Best loved on earth by Thee;
But for Thee I would bear the cross.
Like Simon let me be!

—Marion Schoeberlein

and throat, and if you have to have your appendix out, you call upon still another for that. What is more, not one of those men would normally think of trying to bring you around without the help of at least one assistant. Most doctors have several. Take your surgeon. Can you see him going in to the operating room some morning and doing even a simple appendectomy by himself—no internes or nurses anywhere about, and not even a helper to put the patient to sleep? Perhaps the very idea makes you smile. But don't laugh, please! For your preacher may be in just that fix, only in his case it may be that he has nobody—or too few assistants anyway—to help keep you "awake!"

See what has happened. A hundred years ago "church activities," to most Americans, meant chiefly two things: sermons and pastoral calls. The people came on Sunday and listened to the first, and then went back home to await the second some time during the week. The parson was the only paid worker required, except maybe a sexton, for even the Sunday school at that time was not in the picture. Today the Sunday

school, with its varied and expanding activities, is only one of the dozens of new organizations that are being run by the church. Could our great-grandfathers come back and see what goes on, they would blink their eyes in amazement. Men's clubs, ladies' aid societies, ushers' guilds, young people's forums, Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts—these and similar groups are complicating the business of church management.

But, faced with the need for expert, up-to-date leadership in all these fields, what does the church do? All too often, it does exactly what the church did a hundred years ago. It goes after a parson who can do it all: who is willing, if not altogether able, to keep a finger or two in every pot on the stove. It looks around for a man who is "good with young people," knows all about running a church school, and is diplomat, preacher, pastor, manager, secretary, and evangelist rolled into one. Where a modern clinic or hospital, called on to meet similar changes, gets more medical men (usually specialists) to care for the new needs, the church does nothing of the kind. It takes the same old "doctor" and rolls him out thin, and then spreads him like a pie crust over the whole business.

Any wonder, then, that in far too many areas of our land, Christianity is fighting a losing battle with paganism? Any wonder that church-school attendance in many of our cities is falling off alarmingly while juvenile crimes are mounting rapidly? Any wonder that our best-trained and most able young men are being less and less attracted to the Christian ministry? Any wonder that scores of our present ministers, their minds battered by fatigue and their spirits torn by frustration, are teetering on the brink of collapse?

Such a picture, like many a surrealist painting, just doesn't make sense. One bright ray of hope is that more and more thoughtful laymen are realizing it. The late Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, in a sprightly book called *Sermons of a Chemist*, said: "I call the educational the essential part of the preacher's job, because he is the only person in the church who is qualified and trained to do it. Other members of the church can visit newcomers and even console the sick. Theological training is not necessary to manage the organization and finances . . . A justice of the peace can marry. But probably there is no one in the church who knows so much about the Bible, the history of the Church, the principles of theology and the application of ethics. There is no use having an educated minister if you do not make use of his education."

Many of our wisest laymen are now seeing the need for dividing the work of a modern church among several leaders who will each be especially trained for his task. What's more, the laymen's new vision is producing practical results. It

(Continued on page 79)

BARNABAS

1947

By
JAMES E. BELL

BARNABAS, whose name meant "Son of Comfort," is said to have "continued in Antioch, teaching . . ." With only a slight change of name and locale, we could say the same thing of Cyrus L. Wendt.

Dr. Cyrus L. Wendt has continued teaching in Canton, South Dakota, for more than thirty years. He teaches the men's Bible class in the Methodist Church, but that's only half of the story. Wendt found no Sunday school in this community when he first came to it—so he started one himself. Never once, since, has he left his own class without a teacher—something rare, in the church school! If he be called to Chicago in the practice of his medical profession, he sees to it that a substitute is on hand.

For forty-eight years he has been doctor to Canton—a little medico fighting his way through horse-and-buggy days to now. He has taken his buggy over roads so deep in mud that he was tempted to turn off into the cornfields—and didn't. To help the farmers he found along those mud roads, he worked out a famous 50-50 agreement between farmers and landlords which got rid of a lot of old friction over livestock and which

eventually was featured by the Minneapolis *Tribune* and the *Capper* journals. Dr. Wendt says that if he hadn't spent so much time practicing medicine, he'd give all his time to telling the world about the 50-50 agreement.

When he isn't busy playing doctor or Barnabas, Dr. Wendt sits in with sixteen other men at the meetings of the Athenian Debating Society. Sessions are held in the physician's office; organized by Dr. Wendt, it is forty-five years old, and has "children" in similar societies in Sioux Falls and Springfield, S.D. They hash over questions of public interest—no holds barred.

When he isn't busy with medicine,

Bible class or Athenians, there is the orchestra. For 35 out of his 50 years in the town, he has directed one orchestra or another. First it was a group of his own, then the high-school orchestra, then a 45-piece community affair. Few are the Sundays when he does not share his Sunday church service between the Bible class and the Sunday-school orchestra.

Finding himself not quite busy enough with medicine, Bible class, Athenians and orchestras, Dr. Wendt found time last year to run down to the Medical School of the University of Minnesota, for a little "graduate" study in late medical developments. No wonder Canton loves him!



SOMETHING very nice has happened to our neighborhood. Like a great many very nice things, it came to us looking like trouble, wearing that disguise which so often conceals blessings, so that we lose them if we are not willing to perform the necessary transformation. Have you not discovered that blessings often have to be forced upon us, because their first appearance in our lives is as a nuisance, or even as a catastrophe? Obligated to entertain them, we must literally "make the best of them." This making the best seems to be God's way of allowing man a part in creating, bringing order out of chaos, and the music of the spheres out of the discord of not-seeing-the-whole.

Perhaps that is all a blessing really is, in its essence—a necessity for re-seeing, in the truer and higher Light.

Well, at any rate, this neighborhood blessing of ours began with a capital T. He was, in fact, Labor Trouble. About a year ago, we woke up one morning to find that our house, our peaceful little California house, was being picketed. A tall colored man was walking up and down before our garden with the unmistakable determination which has become gloomily familiar to all of us in the last few years. We thought for a moment that he must have been sent to the wrong address. The only overworked member of the staff of this house, is me . . . and not even a labor union could persuade you to call a strike against yourself!

But the explanation, like all explanations, was simple. For our little house is one of more than a thousand built in a beautifully gardenized park, owned by one of the great insurance companies of America, and our house sits at right angles to the Southern Colonial mansion in which the administration office is housed. In order to indicate protest against that, the picket had to walk up and down the pavement in front of our inviting, tranquil little garden path.

But why on earth, we wondered, would anyone be picketing this place? Every few months we read in some national magazine that this is the most perfect housing development yet achieved, and if we needed more confirmation of that than our own daily ease and grace of living here, the committees of city planners from far and wide who come to inspect us enviously, would give it. You could not imagine anything so grim as labor trouble in such a utopian scene, where nursemaids or young mothers stroll proudly in the afternoons displaying their babies, where flowers bloom (even on Christmas Day) with fifty-two gardeners to care for them, and where a moving van backed up to any door is something your eyes refuse to believe.

THE PICKET with the Silver Lining

That first morning when the picket arrived, I went out to inquire what serpent had strayed into our garden.

"Are you a picket?" I asked in amazement.

"Yas'm, Ma'am," he said pleasantly. "'Course that ain't my regular job, Ma'am. But I always did want me a winter in California. Nice fresh air, Ma'am, and plenty of exercise . . ."

"But what are you picketing about?"

"Why, about fifty yards up and down here, please Ma'am," he said, meaning no flippancy at all, and wanting only to be exact.

"No, I mean . . . what is the trouble about?"

He looked at me with a friendly desire to be helpful on his good black face. He would have liked very much to explain it to me, but he didn't understand it himself.

"Well, I tell you," he said helplessly, "I don't know jest what the trouble is . . . but they give me a card that maybe might explain it better than I could." He fumbled in his inside pocket and finally produced a neat little card which said that three thousand miles away at the headquarters of this insurance company there had arisen a dispute with some workmen, and that this picket was a visible expression of the sympathy of various locals of the A.F. of L.

The picket was very much impressed as I read it to him, and you could see it increased his importance with himself.

"A.F. of L.? My, my," he said, beaming all over at the officialness of his position, and the whole situation. "Why, thank you, Ma'am. I 'spected somebody might come around and tell me what to say was I asked polite."

Sure enough, someone did come around before that morning was over, and provided him with two placards to hang on his chest and his back, explaining the situation not only to anyone who happened to be passing, but also to the picket.

So he began his long walk up and down, up and down in front of our house. Sometimes when I looked out the window and saw him, I felt indignant at the waste of human effort. I felt humiliated and shamed that in our society there should exist this absurd and even sinister symbol of a strong, good-natured man incarcerated in a futile situation, producing nothing but a mental reminder of strife, while the world is crying out with work which needs to be done.

But after awhile, the situation itself paled into insignificance and my brother the man, became all that I saw. Though he was the symbol of a serious quarrel, he was the most amiable-looking man you ever could imagine. Somewhere there was probably bitterness and even distress about this dispute, but right where this man was, there was only friendliness and harmlessness. The perspective of distance had drained all the venom out of the quarrel, and had given to our street a new neighbor, respectful and kind, and disposed to see only good in whatever was at hand.

He had to win his way with the neighborhood. At first people ignored him guiltily, and of course he knew he must not take the first steps. He waited humbly until he was spoken to, and I suspect the children in our midst were the first to welcome him. After a few weeks, he brought his own little girl one morning to walk with him, and there was something about Mattie that endeared the pair to the entire neighborhood.

She was such a merry and droll little six-year-old, and she enjoyed everything her black-currant eye rested on. There was nothing sober about Mattie's way of walking the beat. She enlivened the whole scene, romping in circles around her "Poppie," while he scrupulously measured out his so-many-thousand steps through the hours. She turned circumspect somersaults on the clipped grass, and brought a nice shiny little



Illustrator
VAN SWEARINGEN

The picket's daughter, Mattie, who had merry, black-currant eyes, would bring her "Poppie" water in a tin cup.

tin cup to wait patiently under the garden hose until enough water for a drink had dripped into it. She didn't presume to speak to anybody, but the youngsters in the neighborhood were enchanted with her, and wore themselves out with friendly overtures for her attention. But, "Momma tole me I mustn' bother nobody..."

The next week (apparently her Momma had a one-day-a-week job) when Mattie came to spend the day, she brought a puppy with her. Perhaps, Miss Boo suggested, the puppy's momma also had a once-a-week job. At any rate, the picket's two charges added the last touch of comedy the scene needed.

Seeing the picket taking care of his "chile" and she taking care of her dog, gave one of the neighbors the idea of leaving her own baby in a carriage where the man-of-no-work could keep an eye on it. From that, our picket became a hitching-post for various baby carriages and strollers. The small-fry of the neighborhood now consider him their special property, their headquarters, so to speak, and on almost any afternoon you can see him treading his patient pace, while a swarm of the young pedal joyously around him.

"I'll meet you at the picket, right after lunch," they say.

Although his scope is restricted to this narrow plank of duty, he manages to crowd a great many good deeds into the day. He's very useful for conveying messages. He reminds the Mexican gardener, who has no watch, when it is time to knock off for lunch. He tells the expressman please to leave the parcels on the piazzas, when nobody is home.

"Don' you worry, brother... I'll keep mah eye on it until the folkses gits home."

He "jest wishes" he could write, so he could sign for registered mail. Seems too bad he can't oblige with some sort of a signature. But next year Mattie is going to school, and likely she'll teach him to sign his name, he tells me.

He has made himself perfectly at home among us. He subscribes to the evening newspaper, and has it delivered by the boy who brings ours every night. If there's a radio program he especially enjoys, the shoeshine boy from the boulevard brings his battery set over and sits on the curb with it for an hour, while the picket paces up and down, smiling and appreciative. Of necessity, we too must enjoy the program...

Our friends have grown as fond of the picket as we are; they ask about his latest ingenuities, and we spin out a kind of comic strip of his doings. When people he recognizes come to see us, he is delighted, and tips his hat and calls

(Continued on page 81)

By RUTH E.
THOMPSON

THAT afternoon I must have been very tired for I slept soundly for nearly an hour before my little four-year-old convalescent called impatiently, "Mother, Mother, *Mother*, here's a lady."

I opened my eyes to see standing at the foot of my bed a tall scrawny creature, whose long, bony hands rested on the bedstead. She was dressed in a long, loose, sack-like garment of faded, dark cotton, tightly belted above her bony hips. From the depths of her rusty, black sunbonnet flashed piercing eyes; her nose was long, beak-like; her chin was a sharp point protruding from below a wide, straight, inscrutable smile. I gaped at her in speechless amazement. Those awful hands. A witch if one ever lived. And sixty-five, if a day. Imagine a creature like that trying to keep a house like mine! She could not last a day. But that was Emmy whom the Salvation Army had sent, in response to my plea for domestic help.

We did not keep help except in cases of emergency, like illness or a new baby. We had a large house and seven small children, and satisfactory help was difficult to get, so we trained ourselves to do without. When Emmy came, the emergency was two-fold, a new baby to arrive within a few weeks and a house full of scarlet fever.

The two oldest children were at school when the quarantine was ordered, and since it was probable they had not been exposed to contagion, a neighbor offered them and their father, who was also away from home, board and lodging for the duration of the quarantine. That left me alone with five little ones, all of whom were either ill with, or exposed to, scarlet fever.

The days soon became long and tedious, filled with deep concern and unrelieved vigilance as one little body after another was brought low, and then nursed back to health. Presently I knew I could not carry on alone any longer; two tiny folk were seriously ill. I telephoned friends, churches, and employment agencies, but could learn of no one who would come into quarantine with us, until, after several days, the Salvation Army telephoned that they had a middle-aged woman who would come and help me. I most certainly wanted to talk with her before she came in, so I asked them to please have her stop at the gate and call before coming to the door. However, being determined to accept her if she at least resembled a normal human being, I dared to relax a



Emmy

bit, left the housework unfinished, and lay down for a much needed nap.

When I awoke, there stood Emmy, solidly quarantined in, and I gaped at her in speechless amazement. She seemed to sense my confusion, for she said: "I didn't mean to scare you, honey. I didn't know it was you that's sick. You just lay still, and if you want anything, call me. I can see there's plenty to do." She passed from the room noiselessly and with something surprisingly akin to grace. I had observed that her voice was gentle. I turned over and soon slept again.

A little patient called, perhaps an hour later, and I went to get a glass of water. I had momentarily forgotten the woman I found standing at the sink. I stopped in the doorway, astonished at the beauty of the bony profile. Her iron grey hair was rolled into a becoming knot at the back of her head. She was not so tall, nor so old, as I had thought; and what beautiful blue eyes!

She greeted me with a smile which faded instantly when she observed my state of health. I began to appreciate her sterling worth, for as I looked about I could not help noticing that my badly neglected kitchen was rapidly becoming spotless. The woman did not seem tired or at a loss to know what came next. She continued to be busy in the kitchen, and I returned to the sick-room to keep watch and to rest. This I did until she came quietly to the door and told me

★ ★ ★

When I awoke, there stood Emmy, and I gaped at her in speechless amazement. She seemed to sense my confusion, for she said, "I didn't mean to scare you."

Illustrator

CHARLES ZINGARO

supper was ready. I invited her to sit with us, but she declined and went ahead preparing dessert for us. I had not asked her name and it was from the table conversation of the children that I learned it was Emmy. That seemed sufficient for the time being, and occasion to ask for further identification never arose. "Emmy" was all we were to know until after she had left us.

The meal—it was delicious—was soon



finished, and, more tired than I had suspected, I returned to the relatively light duties of the sick-room and gratefully left the rest to her, knowing it would be well done.

When I awoke the next morning, to give the six o'clock medicine, she was hanging out the wash—lines and lines of it. By the time I had the nursing details attended to and was dressed, she had breakfast ready and the little girls dressed and washed and combed. It seemed impossible that she had done all that, for she did not have the appearance of a woman who had been working. Her hair was neat, and her clothes, though poor and worn, were fresh and clean. After breakfast I went back to attend to little baths and get ready for the doctor's call; and, when I went into the other rooms again, they were in order. The kitchen was full of clothes,

ironed and in the process of ironing. Lunch was ready at noon, and how she knew just what we liked I cannot guess.

The little ones were around her feet a great deal, and I overheard a remark that proved characteristic: "Oh, honey, you must eat it clear down to a little, tiny core. Y'know God won't stand for wastin' things. If folks wastes things someday He lets them get hungry. Awful hungry." She quoted a good deal of Scripture, not always perfectly, but the slight alterations only increased its pertinence. Her purpose was true and her understanding thoroughly Pauline. She occasionally called attention to our departures from the Way, not, in smug tones but exactly as she would have given me tips on cooking or housekeeping.

As the quarantine neared an end, I asked her if she would stay until after

the baby came, and she seemed surprised that I had thought of her doing otherwise, and replied with the question, "You need me, don't you?" I mentioned, for the first time, the matter of wages, and she said she never set prices, for the Lord took care of her. I told her I appreciated her coming into quarantine with us, and that I hoped she would accept a gift I had for her—an outfit of clothing which I knew within my heart she would never buy for herself. At first she hesitated, telling me that it was not necessary, that she was working for the Lord, not for me. Then she accepted with great dignity.

I also paid her each week for the work she was doing, but out of consideration for her attitude, I enclosed the money in an envelope and the matter was never mentioned between us.

(Continued on page 71)



GOD THE OMNIPOTENT

By Vincent C. Franks

EASTER morning comes heavily freighted with such goodly phrases as, "And as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, to see the sepulchre"; and, "Christ the Lord is risen today"; and, "This corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality"; and, "Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

God does not ask us whether we want to be immortal or not, the choice is not ours. We may raise our voices in defiance and cry, "I don't believe in immortality," or "I don't want to be immortal." But immortality is God's affair, not ours; this mortal *must* put on immortality. My thesis is that, behind the scenes and within the scenes—"back of the rainbow and farther than even the stardust swirls"—the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

I would apply that ringing affirmation in three areas of human experience. First, He reigns at birth! It is not Nature all by herself that impels us from the womb into this checkered adventure of life. Nature by herself could do nothing. Back of Nature is the creative God who put the ruffle in the sparrow's wings, who "furred the fox against the blast of winter," put the violence in the frost bite, bended the arch of the rainbow, planted sight in the eyes of fingerlings, and gave us the power to triumph over the manifold perils of birth. Behind the laws or habits of Nature is the God who decreed them and put vitality and integrity into them. It is not cold impersonal Nature that reigns at birth but the creative God behind her.

Nor by his own skill does the doctor reign at birth. Once children died by the millions. There were seven children in my family and three of us died in infancy. Up to the turn of this century, when the medical profession became thoroughly familiar with the germ theory of disease, child mortality was alarming. But now, so knowing and skillful have doctors become, death at birth is unusual. There is a beautiful burial service for children in the Episcopal prayer book, but so unusual is the death of a child that only once in my ministry have I been called upon to use that service. Death has been swallowed up in victory.

But what new skills, information, and drugs the doctors have, are all the gifts of God. As men discover more information about the habits and secrets of nature, they learn how to adapt them to human needs, and the longer our life span becomes. There are still, I suppose, uncountable secrets hidden in the bosom of Mother Nature waiting to be discovered by medical Columbuses. In His own good way and time God lets us in on His secrets.

It is God's energy that makes nature function. The sun rises each morning, as Gilbert Chesterton put it, not because nature is in control, but because God says, "Get up and do



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EASTER SERMON



it again." And the babe is released from its mother's womb, not because cold impersonal nature nor yet the skill of man is in control, but because God says, "Come forth." What mean these birth cries of multitudinous babies over multitudinous centuries but this, "And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude . . . saying, Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Again: not only does God reign at birth but He also reigns on earth. True, the affirmation is debatable, for from one point of view it seems that He doesn't reign. Certainly, appearances are against it. In the high-water years of the 1920's the gilt-edged gods that seemed to reign were Ease and Security. That was the two-cars-in-every-garage era, the era of low taxation, when money was easy-come, easy-go, "when pain was to be bowed out of the world, hazards graved at birth and every hit to be a home run." Ease and security seemed to reign in those high, and not so far-off days.

Worse than that, those were the days when the totalitarian systems rose. I quote, from memory, one writer who put it somewhat like this:

"In the totalitarian systems men were not primarily sons of The Eternal but just biological specimens, born from below, born to perish and perish violently for the sake of the state. God is a myth! The state is God! Man was a dictator's cannon fodder, a vulgar goose-stepping fraction in a totalitarian system. His only need was bread, someone to herd him, order him around and use him. Braggadocio was king."

O, vain young men! So you would air-condition Utopia and wheel all hazards off! So there is no eternal life, just national life, race life! Well, watch your bubbles burst: bursting on a crashing stock market in 1929, bursting at Salerno, Cologne, and Iwo Jima. Who reigns now? Ease and security? Braggadocio and dictators? Is man the lord of the earth? Watch your bubbles burst.

I would take you back to a sovereign God and these two affirmations. The first is that God is almighty, so almighty that He limited His sovereignty to bestow upon us human beings a measure of freedom to work out our racial and personal destinies. He gave us so much freedom that we can accept or reject Christ's gospel. Indeed, on an ancient day our forefathers had the power to release or crucify God's only begotten Son. We look at that affirmation.

Then we look at another. What freedom we have is a gift from God. It is not something we won, it is a gift. It is not a gift from Nature but a forthright gift from God. But as a checkmate against a mass abuse of our freedom, lest we run berserk and make a complete moral jungle out of our earth, God has retained a certain command and guidance of our racial destiny. No human being, however, can draw a line

and arbitrarily say, "Here is where human freedom ends and God intervenes." Where the line between the two is to be drawn is beyond the wit of man to determine. But this is sure. We had the freedom to crucify Christ, yes; but on a third day, and in spite of our freedom, He rose again from the dead.

Sometimes God steps in. We do not make every last decision and what freedom we have is a gift from Him. If we reigned supreme, demons and cesspools would soon inherit the earth. Though appearances seem against it, "God still stands behind the shadows keeping watch above His own." I place it before you again, "And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude . . . saying, Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." He reigns on earth as well as at birth.

Yet once again: He reigns over death! It is not extinction, but God who reigns over death. How do we know? Intuition says so. Men have always had a sixth sense of futurity. That sense was born in us, it is a part of the structure of our human constitution. Our race has always had an intuitive sense of immortality—that God is in command at death as He was in command at birth.

But not only does intuition tell us that God reigns over death, so, too, do our supreme moments. Great, flashing, profoundly realistic and trustworthy moments come to most of us when we catch glimpses of ultimates and know that God reigns through eternity.

Here is a case in point. James Douglas, an English journalist, writing in the *London Sunday Express* some years ago, put in vivid words the most arresting and reasonable description I have ever read of the experience we call death. He found himself lying in a London hospital on the verge of death, felt himself slipping out of the world and experiencing the sensation of dying. But though he was dying physically his mind was more alive than it had ever been.

"It fled from normal things," he wrote, "and caught hold of ultimates. No human words could interpret the amazing lucidity of those moments or record the intoxicating sweep of my vision as I balanced on the thin dissolving line between life and death. My mind caught such transcendent thoughts, and words were so slow in forming to express them that I thought without words. I was splendidly aware of dying and intensely interested in the lucid glimpses I caught of a fresh field of consciousness. I was joyously eager to go forward and never as sure of God. Something higher than logic calmed and supported my soul. It may be said that my dying did not go far enough to justify my conclusions. But I can honestly say that it went as far as it could go (Continued on page 84)



Andy in jail! He had gone to town on Saturday, got into a fight, landed in jail!

ANDY was as good as his word. He was determined to have it out with Sig Flanagan, once and for all. The hog episode was the last straw. It was still early morning, and he could ride into town with Mr. Eliot.

Fearing trouble with Flanagan, Andy even left his pocketknife at home. There was enough to worry about now without running afoul the prejudiced authorities. The way the homesteaders had so abruptly stopped coming to see them, for instance. There was a mystery in that, all right. Until the housewarming party everyone had appeared to like the Iveses and to want to make them feel a worthy part of the community. Something had happened; Andy was sure of it.

He was determined to be cautious this morning. Sheriff Martin could probably tell him where to find Sig Flanagan, but Andy reasoned against seeing the sheriff: if he and Sig had trouble, then it could be made to appear that he had come to town for a run-in with the towering, swarthy bully. Andy was ready to be tactful talking with Flanagan, but he had faint hope that reason would get him anywhere.

Mr. Bird might know where he could find Sig Flanagan. He went to the hardware store. He needed an ax handle anyway; Dave had reminded him of it just before he left.

"Well, come in, Andy Ives!" the merchant called. "What can I do for you this fine morning?"

"Well, I need an ax handle. Then I thought you might be able to tell me where to find Sig."

By W. T. PERSON

Illustrator PHIL BERRY



[PART SIX]

"Oh, around and about." Mr. Bird studied Andy's face keenly. "Hog trouble?"

"They're digging my potatoes a little early," Andy told him. Then he paid for the handle and left.

Mr. Bird called, "If I can be of help, let me know."

"Thanks," Andy said. "You may get the chance before my crop's made and gathered."

He saw Mr. Eliot's car in front of Santini's Cafe, across and down the street. Andy started that way, intending to leave the ax handle in the car before looking up Sig Flanagan.

He crossed the street and was passing Harrell's Pool Room when a vaguely familiar voice attracted his attention. He turned involuntarily and looked into the poolroom. Sig Flanagan was standing just inside the door, talking with a short, heavy-set man. He looked straight at Andy, and his heavy face tightened quickly.

"Ives," he called loudly, "wait there." He came outside.

Andy stopped. "Hello, Mr. Flanagan," he said, forcing pleasantness. He noticed that the tall, black-haired hog raiser was scowling.

"Haven't seen you in a long time, Ives," Sig Flanagan said. "Still sore about my bad shot that day, are you?"

"Not at all," Andy said calmly. "But I'd like for you to see after your hogs before they do me some real harm," he added. "They were in my potatoes this morning."

"That so? Well, hogs will be hogs, you know. They like potatoes when they can't get anything better."

Rage swept through Andy Ives. He struggled against showing it. "You'll have to keep your hogs off my land," he said quietly. He had forgotten that he was gripping an ax handle of tough hickory. All he knew was that he was facing Sig Flanagan again, and that the man was taunting him, belittling him! "I'm making a crop out there and—"

"And I'm raisin' hogs out there," Sig Flanagan broke in. "It was a hog range before you homesteaded. Now, get off, or keep your bellyachin' mouth shut!" He glanced at the handle, moved a step nearer Andy. He was swaying a little.

Andy was as white as the hickory handle, and his breath was whistling through dry lips. A wave of red, like hot haze, hung before his eyes, and through it he could see the dark face of

Sig Flanagan. But the caution that Andy had promised himself was still in his mind, and he had the strength to heed its warning.

"I'm out there to stay," he said. "You and your hogs won't run me off. I'll have to shoot your hogs. I don't want to, but I will. I can't work and raise crops for them to tear up."

"Shoot one of my hogs, you—"

But Andy's fist stopped him there. He struck with all his lean might. It was reflex action. Andy had never been called such a name, and the sound of the words had set him in motion like the turning of a switch.

Sig Flanagan lost his balance and fell backward. The back of his head struck the corner of the door facing and he went down in a sprawl on the sidewalk. Men were coming out of the poolroom. Someone said, "Danged if he didn't hit 'im, I mean!"

"He cursed me," Andy said slowly, realizing what he had done. "He called me something I don't take."

Someone was tugging at the ax handle. He turned and saw Mr. Eliot, and understood. He released the handle. Mr. Eliot turned with it and started for the car.

"Wait there, old man!" someone called. "Give me that ax handle."

Andy's heart flopped wildly, for the man who had come from the poolroom and demanded the ax handle was Sam Bragg, the warden.

"Mr. Ives didn't hit him with the handle," Mr. Eliot said. "I saw the whole thing."

"Give that handle here," Sam Bragg repeated. "I'm a deputy sheriff as well as a game warden. You're under arrest, Ives."

"Now, Mr. Bragg," said Mr. Eliot, "this is absurd! I tell you I saw the whole fracas, and I assure you that Mr. Ives—"

"Shaddap!" Mr. Bragg roared. "You're a harmless ol' coot, an' I'm not arrestin' you if you'll stop meddlin'. You can get on back to the swamp with the news that Ives is in jail, charged with disturbin' the peace an' attackin' a citizen with an ax handle!"

Mr. Eliot watched the officer escort Andy down the walk. He looked puzzled and deeply harassed. He heard Sig Flanagan moan as the doctor knelt beside him and examined the cut on the back of his head. Something ludicrous about the situation struck Emerson Eliot. Andy in jail! He had gone to town on Saturday, got into a fight, landed in jail! Putting it like that made it measure up to—or down to!—the standard set for the "swamp angels" by a large portion of the Newcastle citizenry.

He must see Mr. Bird right away, and he must get word to Jerry Burke to come to the jail.

Jerry was a rising young attorney, just back from the wars, and he was campaigning for the office of county

Hope huddled against Big Halleck and shared his strength.



attorney. But, most important, he has met the Ives—and they had liked him, and he them.

Having sold his fish with the greatest possible speed, Mr. Eliot presented himself at the office of Jerry Burke and found it closed. A whimsical sign was on the door: "Out until noon, canvassing for the next county attorney."

He went then to the hardware store, where the clerk told him that Mr. Bird had already gone down to the jail. Mr. Bird was a citizen of influence. His appearance at the jail had both surprised and displeased the authorities. When Mr. Eliot arrived there, bail proceedings were moving along satisfactorily.

"You needn't wait for me," Andy told him. "I want to talk with the sheriff after I'm let out of this hole, and I've got to see Jerry."

"But it will be extremely unpleasant to go back without you," Mr. Eliot demurred. "In fact, I don't care to have to explain to your wife why you have been delayed."

"I'd rather you'd go ahead," Andy told him. "Just tell Kate that I'll be along after a while, and that this is nothing serious."

Mr. Eliot nodded, but he appeared doubtful. "I go," he agreed, "but under protest."

"And tell her," Andy said firmly, "that we'll go to church tomorrow, as planned. And tell Dave to cut enough short, strong posts to put up some wire around the potatoes. I'm borrowing an electric fence from Mr. Bird to protect the patch till something's done with the hogs."

Released on bail, Andy thanked Mr. Bird for his help. "You're coming home with me for lunch," Mr. Bird said. "Don't argue, now. We've some things to talk about."

"Well, I'm not bad about turning down a good meal," Andy told him. "Let's go."

Mrs. Bird was a motherly woman of about fifty. Their daughter Barbara was, Andy thought, as pretty as Hope. Maybe a little prettier to someone who wasn't prejudiced. He had heard her name and Jerry's often mentioned together.

"Jerry thinks you Iveses are mighty nice people," Barbara said as they went to the table. "But he really doesn't think you fit in out there as well as some."

"We will, though," Andy assured her. "We'll trim our wants and ways till we do fit."

Mr. Bird chuckled. "Jerry and Barbara were talking last night of trying to get your daughter to come in and spend a week-end with us."

"I wish she would," Andy told him. "Hope gets mighty lonesome at times."

"What I wanted to talk to you about," Mr. Bird changed the subject, "is this: Jerry and I are trying to get his uncle to come out for sheriff. That Martin

ring has been in power long enough, and Mr. Burke is well-known and popular, and he could still supervise the operation of his lumber company."

"It's time!" Andy exclaimed. "I believe Mr. Burke would get the homesteaders' votes."

"He certainly should! Martin and his crowd have been hard on those people out there."

"It's time we homesteaders got together," Andy said. "We've got the same problems, the same hopes—"

"Why, that's a fine idea!" Mr. Bird broke in. "You people need unity and a leader—and you're the man to lead them, Andy Ives."

Andy jerked in surprise. "Why, that's nice of you, but I don't think so. I'm new out there. Somebody else—"



Church Window

Soft light came through the leaded glass
In slanted pastel hues,
Suffusing chancel, transept, nave,
The aisle, and peopled pews.

Transmuted through a shepherd's form,
His robes, His sheep, His face;
It made the arched interior
A warm and holy place.

His red robe marked a workingman.
His crown, a Magdalene.
And on a white head bent with age
There poured His pasture green.

His staff was lain upon a child.
The azure of His skies
Fell all about a mother's head.
His stars were in her eyes.

The light came gently through the glass,
Bearing a humble guest.
There they received him, knowing not,
And knowing not, were blest.

—Roger L. Waring



"But you're levelheaded and cautious. You inspire confidence."

"And right now I'm fresh out of jail, awaiting trial!"

"You couldn't help what happened this morning," Mr. Bird said. "Every homesteader, plus a lot of Newcastle folks, will think a lot more of you for what you did."

Jerry drove Andy home at midafternoon. The battery and equipment for the electric fence were in the car. Jerry was angry over the morning's trouble, but he saw a good side to it.

"It'll bring things to a head, I believe," he said. "It'll help Unc' to decide to come out for sheriff."

THE THREE WOMEN were out in front of the house watching for Andy. Kate had been crying. So had Hope. Granny

carried an angry light in her eyes. Jerry waved as they crawled from the car and called, raising Andy's right hand, as a referee after a boxing match, "Hey, folks, the winnah!"

"Andy!" Kate said. "Oh, I'm so glad you're back home! Mr. Eliot was in such a hurry to get away that I couldn't get much out of him. What happened?"

He told her briefly, omitting the awkward angle, which Mr. Eliot had also neglected in his report. "There won't be much to it," he assured her. "I'll likely have to pay a small fine for disturbing the peace. The trial's set for next Wednesday."

"And you may have to buy Sig Flanagan some front teeth," Jerry added. He grinned at Hope. "Wouldn't be surprised if people around town began calling your dad 'Atomic' Ives! He blasted a bad man's local legend to bits."

When Andy reached the field, Dave and Mr. Flipp had already set the posts. When they had finished the fence, Mr. Flipp looked at it doubtfully. "You mean that one little ol' strand of wire'll keep hawks out'n them pertaters?"

"It's the current that does it," Andy told him. "It's just the right height for hogs to have to squeeze under it, but as soon as he makes contact he gets a shock that knocks him back. It'll do the job."

At that moment a fearful roar from Jessie Bell cleft the air. They wheeled to see what was wrong, and were quick enough to catch the rangy hound in the last stage of a backward somersault. She had touched the lone wire.

"Looks like it works, all right!" Mr. Flipp said mournfully.

Jerry had gone when Andy and Dave returned to the house. Big Halleck came while they were at supper. He had heard the news. "It's all around," he told Andy. "Things spread fast in these woods. Anything I can do?"

"Come in," Andy said. "I want to talk to you about something."

Andy told him about the idea of organizing the homesteaders. "It'll give strength to what we say," he pointed out. "It'll help us get better roads and bridges, and we can make our votes worth something in deciding who goes into the county offices. What do you think?"

"Well, it sounds mighty good to me," Big told him, nodding slowly as he considered the plan. "I'm with you. For years we've felt like outsiders, and I think it's time we took a part in things. Why, there are enough votes in this swamp to swing a close election."

"One of us out here will have to head it," Andy said. "Jerry and Mr. Bird think it's fine, but the leader should be one of us. I think you're the man, Big. The people know you and like you."

"They don't have anything against you, I guess," Big said.

"Well, I don't know. You're the only neighbor who's been around us recently."

(Continued on page 73)

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ERALD



Workingmen's children at the Lutheran day-care nursery center at Abo, Finland, gather around to see what clothing has come from America.



A towheaded little Finnish girl tries on a bright scarf sent from the U. S. through Church World Service.



PHOTOS FROM WORLD COUNCIL OF CHURCHES

A small citizen of Abo, Finland, sits surrounded by cans of evaporated milk sent by the American church people.

You HAVE FED THESE HUNGRY

American Protestants, through their Church World Service, have sent over six million dollars in cash, four millions' in contributed goods, to the desperate victims of the war. Where does it all go? What happens to it? Here's part of the story, told by a World Council of Churches man in Geneva.

By Robert Root

THE 92-year-old lady in her half-heated room at the Methodist old folks' home in Abo, Finland, looked up. Around her shoulders was a U.S. Army surplus blanket. In her lap her fingers touched some of the gifts of warm clothing which she had also received from the American church people. The little old lady looked up, pleased, and her wrinkled face beamed.

That smile, the first afternoon I was in Finland, was symbolic of the thanks I found everywhere.

This was the other end of the line which begins at the Ladies Aid Circle in the rural Midwestern church, in the young people's group in a small town on Sunday evening, in the Church World Service collection centers in the bigger American cities.

What is the other end of the line (Continued on page 76)



DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM L. STIDGER

APRIL 1947

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

TUES.
APR. 1

READ JOHN 21:18

"WHEN thou art old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hand and another shall guide thee." In a poem called "The Race," Robert Tristram Coffin pictures life as a "race" between husbands and wives. In the early part of life, young husbands walk out ahead of their wives. Then there comes a later period, when the man slows down, and his wife catches up with him and they walk side by side through the afternoon of life. Then, "When the woman's hair is grey; there comes at last that happy day when she pulls level in the race and sees her husband's face." The last period of their comradeship runs:

*And, maybe, there will be the few
Years left to the married two
When she will go ahead, and break
The gale's force for the old man's
sake.*

Dear God of all gales and of all the sunset years of life, we thank Thee that when we are old and feeble we may stretch forth our hands and Thou shalt guide us and "break the gale's force for the old man's sake." Amen.

WED.
APR. 2

READ PSALM 19:12-14

"O JEHOVAH, my rock and my redeemer," is a helpful and a heartening text for this day's meditation. Jehovah, rock, redeemer; three tremendous words with the suggestion of strength, protection, salvation, faith and hope in them. Long ago no less a man than Horace Bushnell said of this text and its suggestion of God being our redemption: "Oh, if there be any kind of life most sad, and deepest in the scale of pity, it is the dry, cold impotence of one who has honestly set to the work of his own self-redemption."

Dear God of our redemption and our hope, we lift up glad hearts in this meditation moment, that Thou art our rock and our redeemer. Amen.

THURS.
APR. 3

READ ACTS 26:14

"AND I heard a voice speaking unto me." Yes, voices do speak to those who

will hearken unto them. Joan of Arc heard her voices and believed them. There has recently appeared a beautiful drama with Joan of Arc as its heroine and the very heart and soul of this religious play are Joan's "voices". Joan says at one place in the play: "Jack, the world is too wicked for me. Only for my voices I should lose heart. That is why I have to steal away to pray here alone. I tell you, Jack, it is in the church bells that I hear my voices." So do most of us hear our voices in the church bells, in worship, in our prayers and meditations, and we are grateful for them.

Dear God, we thank Thee that we Christians have the privilege of stopping each day for prayer and for guidance; and that, when we stop, we hear Thy voice coming out of eternity into our listening hearts. Amen.

FRI.
APR. 4

READ LUKE 23:33

"AND when they were come to the place which was called Calvary . . ." This is Good Friday in the Church world and our hearts are heavy with sorrow, deep with sympathy, and reverent with worship. Our one need this day in our meditation is "To think on these things"; to stand beside that immortal Cross, to hear the cry of that suffering and yet loving voice; to hear His words of agony and also His words of love and forgiveness; to share with Him His suffering.

Dear Christ of all sorrow, sacrifice and suffering; we thank Thee that Thou didst carry and die on a cross for our redemption, and that, through Thy suffering, we are healed. Amen.

SAT.
APR. 5

READ JOB 21:32

"YET shall He be brought to the grave and remain in the tomb." That is an appropriate text for the Saturday preceding Easter, for on this silent day in the long ago, the Christ we worship was actually in the tomb. But not, as Job says, "To remain in the tomb." Christ was destined in the plan of salvation to come out of that dark tomb, and bring with Him eternal hope, redemption and immortality for all of us. It is on that thought, not the thought of His being

in the tomb, that we dwell this morning, like expectant children waiting His release, and His coming forth into the sunlight of a glorious Easter.

Dear Christ of the everlasting hope in human hearts, we thank Thee this morning that we do not have to think of Thee as in a tomb of darkness and death, but that our hearts are filled with the great anticipation of Thy resurrection. Amen.

SUN.
APR. 6

READ I COR. 2:9

THIS great, glowing, glorious text I like to call "A Religious Rhapsody." It has in it the glow of an Easter dawning, the light of an Easter sun rising and an unfolding like a great rose of Sharon against the eastern skies; a high and holy hymn of praise and rejoicing. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man," what this day's dawn meant in that far-away land; nor what it has meant to humanity since that day. This day is the high tide of the Church year and of the human heart, for in it lie all the verities, the faith, hope, and the rhapsody of our religion.

Dear Christ of our great hope, we thank Thee, that, in the infinite plan of salvation, as set forth by our Heavenly Father, Thou didst arise from the tomb on this glorious day which we celebrate; and that through Thee, we too may arise from the tomb of despair, darkness and sin. Amen.

MON.
APR. 7

READ ISA. 52:7

"HOW beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings." And that is exactly what was happening the day after Christ's resurrection. Everywhere were men and women, with hurrying feet, bringing to each other the good tidings of His resurrection. Those happy people had a glory in their souls, and, what a glory it was; a glory without and a glory within.

Dear Christ of the great glory, let us pray this morning: "Oh, Lord, give me a glory, is it much to give? For I've gotta get a glory or I just don't live!"

TUES.
APR. 8

READ PSALM 100:4

IF EVER there was a time when Christians had a right to "enter into His gates with Thanksgiving, into His courts with praise," and to give thanks unto Him and bless His name, it would be two days after He arose on Easter. So, let us rejoice and be exceeding glad this Tuesday morning, for the assurance, the confidence, the exaltation that we have in our souls over His resurrection, and over His moving about again among His disciples and His intimate friends. Frank B. Whitney sang it for us in "Beginning Again": "It matters not what may befall; beyond all else I hear the call: 'You can begin again!' My courage rises when I hear God's voice allay the thought of fear and when He whispers gently near: 'You can begin again!'"

Dear God of "beginning again," we thank Thee that in the days following the resurrection of Jesus we have a feeling that we too, may arise from the darkness of the tomb of our fears and begin again with and in Thee. Amen.

WED.
APR. 9

READ JOB 22:21

IN THIS text are three well defined suggestions: 1st. "Acquaint thyself with God" (with him). 2nd. "And be at peace." 3rd. "Thereby good shall come unto Thee."

What a trilogy for these hectic, harassing days in which we live! One could take those three statements and live forever in a happy, hopeful, and calm attitude toward one's fellow beings and life. To acquaint thyself with God is to have a sense of peace and to know that all good will come unto thee.

Dear Father of all high and holy things, we thank Thee this day that in this trilogy of victory, we see the way to perfect peace and the abundant life. Amen.

THURS.
APR. 10

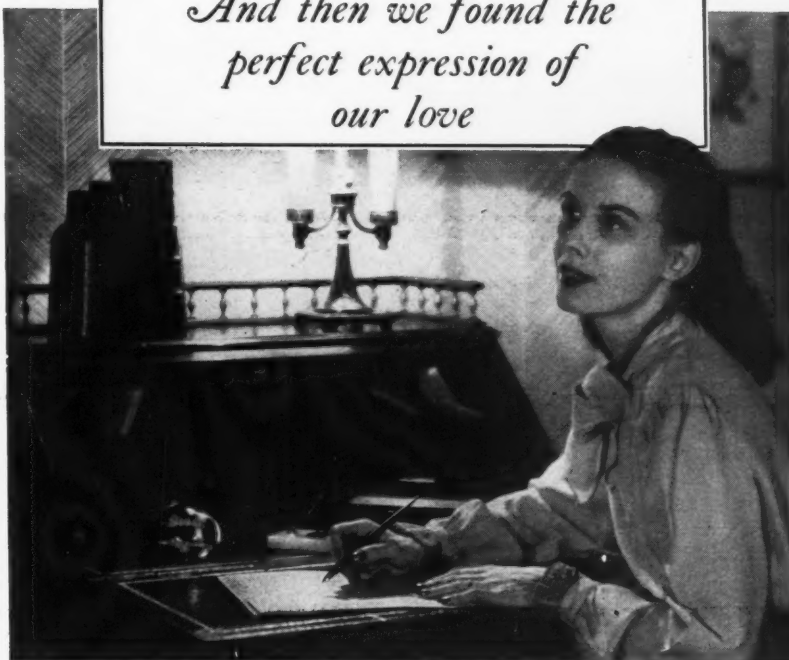
READ PSALM 62:1

"LORD, in the quiet of this morning hour, I come to Thee for peace, for wisdom; power to view the world today through love-filled eyes; power to be patient, understanding, gentle, wise. To see beyond what seems to be, and know Thy children as Thou knowest them; and nought but the good in anyone behold. Let only thoughts that bless dwell in my mind. Let me so kindly be, so full of cheer, that all I meet may feel Thy presence near. O clothe me in Thy beauty, this I pray, let me reveal Thee, through all this day." That prayer in verse by a friend of mine, Ella Schenk, has started many a tempestuous day off well for me, and enabled me to be a blessing to myself and all I meet.

Dear Lord of this quiet morning hour; we thank Thee that Thou dost enter into our thinking and feeling this day so that we may be replicas of Thee. Amen.

(Continued on page 56)

*And then we found the
perfect expression of
our love*



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Tea-Time CHAT

By MARTHA TODD

AS I was working around the house the other morning, I found myself singing:

*Though April showers
May come your way,
They bring the flowers
That bloom in May.*

I got to thinking—how trite, but true! Some events, unpleasant though they may be, have to happen before something happier can follow. Take this season of the year and you can see how nature bears that out. Take, too, this season in our church—Easter with its happy, joyous message could never have happened without the pain and the sorrow of the Cross, our supreme example of sacrifice.

It is natural for every Christian who thinks about his faith to stop and wonder just what and how much Easter really means, as well as wondering how prepared he or she is to understand and benefit from this most significant event in Christianity. With some of our fellow Christians, it is the practise to make a sacrifice during the pre-Easter season, a willing denial of a physical pleasure in order to prepare the mind and heart for a better understanding of the glory of the Resurrection. I think that the other members of the Christian fellowship, who do not share in this act of sacrifice, miss a great deal. Not that the act itself means anything unless the spirit is right!

As I was walking down the street that same afternoon, I heard a little boy ask his buddy, "What are you giving up for Lent?" Or as happened last week down at the Red Cross when one of the women

passed a box of candy, a fellow worker refused saying, "I'm off candy for Lent." In neither of these cases do I know how much of the spirit of sacrifice was involved, or how much a tradition was being blindly followed. But I do know one case in which Lenten sacrificing is opening a new appreciation and understanding of our Christian belief.

The Henshaw family is that example. They live up our street . . . and what a project they have afoot! Mrs. H., Mr. H., Johnny age 14, Sarah age 11, and Joey age 8, are pooling their money. Mrs. H. is doing her own hair instead of going to the hairdressers. Mr. H. has stopped going bowling. Johnny is giving up half the money he makes on his paper route. Sarah is doing extra jobs around the house and going errands for neighbors for a slight fee. And Joey, he has given up his comic books. And all the money is being put in the glass dish in the middle of the dining-room table. But what is all the sacrificing about?

Well, maybe I ought to start at the beginning. You may believe it or not, but it was Johnny who got the family going on this. He'd read a letter written by a Czech composer. Johnny's so interested in music, you see, he not only listens to it constantly, but it seems he reads just about everything he can lay his hands on that is connected with it, and this letter was in a music magazine. It was sent to CARE; that's an organization approved by the government, which bought up the surplus "10-in-1" rations from the Army after the war was over. These packages are in turn bought by Americans who care enough about

their fellow man to want to relieve his suffering. CARE sends them to the hungry, destitute people in Europe.

This was the letter that Johnny read: "Yesterday I received a CARE package. When I unpacked it, I found in addition to the many useful and pleasant things, something which cannot be weighed, and cannot be felt with the hands. I do not know what to call it, but it was something very close to what we call humanity. It was something warming, and every small integral part of your gift was consecrated by it. Your gift came at a time when I needed it and welcomed it most. Neither I, nor we, are responsible for the present conditions. They are the consequences of war, and of the still-unsettled aftermath of war. We give thanks to every person who is willing to help in this present situation. Your gift is a symbol of this desire.

"And a most truthful symbol is the can opener contained in your package. It is the opener which is able to cut through the iron curtain that is said to separate us from you. Please believe, dear American friend, that in reality there is no such iron curtain able to separate people. In the world there is only one kind of person, and that is a human being."

That gave Johnny his idea . . . a CARE package costs only \$10, not so much money when you consider that it means thirty meals to a European family. Perhaps he could get his family to give their Lenten sacrificing more meaning, by doing something *real*. He started to figure out what each one in the family could do. And just like a kid, he had it down to the very last cent. He presented the idea to the family proposing that they send three CARE packages overseas. His enthusiasm was so contagious nobody could resist his plan. Mrs. Henshaw tells me that he is now figuring out to whom to send the parcels. He's asking around the neighborhood for the names of relatives overseas who are in need of food. And through CARE and because of Johnny, three families are going to benefit by one family's Lenten sacrifice.

When the Henshaw family celebrates Easter this year, they may not be conscious of it, but I believe that their united sacrifice is something that will give to them a new understanding of the meaning of that Day.

A READER sent me a long letter the other day, and wanted me to pass along an idea for a sale which had been used in a church in her town, to its decided financial gain. She sent me the notice which was distributed widely throughout the community . . . just a mimeographed sheet, but with such a complete descrip-

(Continued on page 55)

The Holiness of Beauty

BY THE
COUNTRY PREACHER

WHY am I a country preacher? Because I just can't "walk out" on God. He is putting on such a pageant of successive and sublime beauty in the Green Mountains that I just can't bear to

be away from it.

Have you ever known how unpleasant it is to have folks walk out on you when you are doing your best? On Conference Sunday in 1926 I was chosen to preach in the Center Congregational Church in Brattleboro. It was a beautiful day and the house was full, and it was twenty years ago, but my most vivid memory of it will always be that as I rose to preach, a man and woman got up and walked out. Maybe they had mistaken where Bishop Burns was to preach. Certainly I was better off without such ill-mannered auditors. Neither they nor the incident were of the least importance, but my soul retches at their memory. No, I can't walk out on God, and it isn't because of my good manners either; it is because I just can't bear to miss the performance.

LATELY He did this: He filled all the valley before Highland Manse with miles of fog and the mountains were like a row of islands above it and the full moon was shining, and the lonely owl was whooping over in the forest on the hill that makes the echo.

Everybody exclaims at the wonder of autumn in the Green Mountains. Backgrounds of pine and evergreen to accent the blazing colors of yellow elms and birches, scarlet maples and russet oak, as if all the mountains were lighted from within. What is the sunlight on scenes like that but the greater glory of God? Do you merely call it Nature? Does it wake in you only poetry? Do you not rather accept it as an act of God, as God's own personal art and expression? It is the very shining of the holiness of Jehovah.

Even so, in their deep ignorance and limitation, there are folks who say, "Oh your mountains are very beautiful in summer!" They expressly expel winter from their appreciation. They do not do this to be wicked. They do not know any better, that it all.

BEAUTIFUL in summer? Yes, of course! Anybody can see that, even the wayfaring man in his deplorable condition. But it is in winter that God reveals the shining wonder of His awful holiness in a more transcendent beauty of the mountains. The world is covered with new snow. The steeped evergreens droop with it. The vast expanses sparkle with crystals, like diamonds, in the morning; changing to rose-tint and amethyst in the late afternoon. Wherever the shadows fall, the snow, white as Easter lilies in the morning sun, becomes a deep soft blue, and at night the shadows of twigs on the naked trees are thrown on the clean snow by the moon.—ARTHUR W. HEWITT

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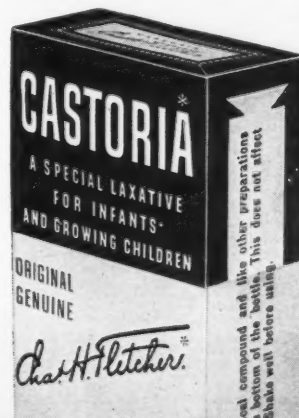
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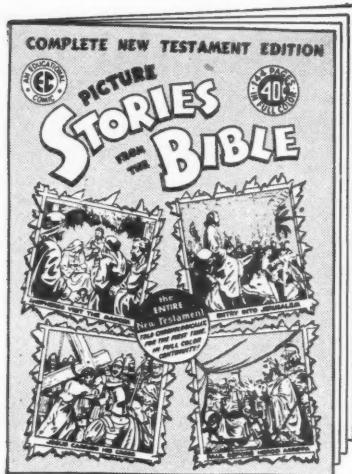
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APRIL 6 THE RISEN LORD AND HIS DISCIPLES
JOHN 20:19-29, 21:15-17

"DEATH could not hold Him!" That was the exultant shout of Peter as he preached Christ to those who had crucified Him. (Acts 2:24) Something had happened to Peter since he played the coward in the court of the high priest and since he had cowered afar off while his Lord was on the cross. Now he faces hostile crowds and cries: "God has made Him both Lord and Christ, this Jesus whom you crucified." (Acts 2:36) The miracle that happened in Peter was completed by the Holy Spirit on Pentecost, but it was begun when first he believed that Jesus was risen from the dead.

He ought to have known Jesus would rise. In that he was one with all the eleven apostles. They should have known! Confused, afraid, hiding behind locked doors, they just could not believe it. They had to be convinced, so surely convinced, that they would lose their fears and confusion and risk their lives in the proclamation of the resurrection. Jesus gave them support for their awakening faith by no less than eleven appearances.

Our first lesson tells of Jesus' entry into the barred room where ten of the apostles and probably others of the disciples were in hiding. Mark 16:14 gives a very brief account and Luke 24:36-43 a more detailed story. As He stood before them, no wonder they were terrified. They thought they were seeing a ghost. What would convince them, beyond a shadow of a doubt that He was the same Jesus they had known and loved? His wounds, the wounds they had seen Him receive on the Cross. So He showed them the nail prints, Luke says in His hands and feet, John says in His hands and the mark of the spear-thrust in His side. Then to add to the proof, Luke tells us of His eating a piece of broiled fish.

"The disciples were glad when they saw the Lord,"—tame words to describe the glory in their souls! With new-found faith, Jesus gave them their commission: "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you." They were to declare their certainty of the resurrection, the way for the forgiveness of sins. Those wounds they had seen were more than identification marks. They were the marks of

sin's last struggle to conquer Him. His was the victory over sin and death. Through Jesus Christ, the crucified and risen, there is forgiveness of sins.

THOMAS was not with the rest of the disciples. What we miss when we avoid the fellowship of faith! When they told him of their experience, he boasted that he must see for himself. Eight days later, Jesus faced him too and offered him proof. Did Thomas touch those wounds? No, I think not, for the voice, the look of love in his eyes would be enough and he declared his faith in a creed of five short words, "My Lord and my God." Now Thomas too, with all the disciples, was ready to be baptized with the power of the Holy Spirit and to go out and live and die for his risen Lord.

The second lesson is devoted to Peter. Again Jesus had eaten with some of the disciples, proving Himself to them. Peter most of all the disciples, needed the encouragement of Jesus' personal appeal. He had been so weak and he was to bear such great responsibilities in days to come. He would never forget the wooing note in Jesus' voice as He said, "Do you love me?" Nor would he forget the commission of the Good Shepherd, calling him to the shepherding of His flock. Now, too, he was ready to hear bravely the cost of his loyalty to his Lord. The whole glorious record of the heroic march of this little band of disciples to conquer the world by love alone is a miracle that can only be understood against the background of the resurrection.

After all, the resurrection is a lesser miracle than the life of the Christ who died and arose again. What else could be the outcome of such a life? A dead Jesus in a tomb would be the death of all the beauty of His words and work. Risen, He validates every promise and every principle of His teaching and His living. The vitality of the Christian Church in the face of the world's tragic need in 1947, depends on the same certainty with which Peter and Thomas and the rest of the disciples preached a risen Lord.

Questions:

What eleven appearances did Jesus grant His followers after His resurrection? Is any other event in history better witnessed?

If Christ be not risen, what? List the

answers. For some of the answers read
1 Corinthians 15:12-19.

APRIL

13

BASES OF NATIONAL GREATNESS

1 SAMUEL 9:1-2; 11:12-13; 15:1, 22-26, 34-35

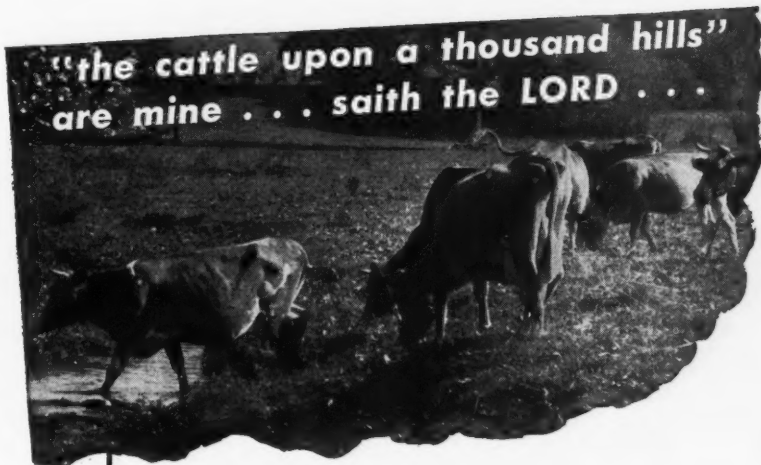
NO NATION will rise higher than its leadership. Particularly is this true where autocracy rules. The history of Israel, as we will study it these next three months, is the record of its kings.

Saul, son of Kish, is an appealing figure as he walks into Israel's history, hunting his father's asses. He seemed to have the kingly qualities necessary for his divine call. He was kingly in his stature, standing head and shoulders above his countrymen. He was brave, ready from the very first to face the barbaric enemies of Israel. He was humble, making no pretense of kingly ambitions and pleading that there was no mark of royalty in his tribe or his family. He was merciful, refusing to have any part in the punishment of those who did not want him for their king. He also seemed to understand that his commission was from Jehovah and that Samuel, the prophet, deserved his respect and obedience.

Saul began well. He defeated the Ammonites in a brave battle against odds. He defeated the Philistines, perennial enemies of his people. He utterly routed the Amalekites, led by their cruel king Agag. He waged successful campaigns against Moab and Edom. But the qualities of true greatness were lacking. At Gilgal Saul became impatient at the delay of Samuel, and presumed to offer the sacrifice himself before the battle. When Jonathan disobeyed his command against tasting food before the battle was won, he would have slain him, but his warriors intervened. Jonathan had not known of the command and had been largely responsible for the victory. Certainly his father showed little sense of justice.

Still worse was his disobedience of God's command to utterly destroy the Amalekites. His pretense of piety, his bold attempt to deceive Samuel, show weaknesses that were bound to lead to final disaster. Called of God, he never seemed fully to realize that every victory he won was God's, not his. The humble, modest young man, swiftly grew into the proud, self-sufficient man. Success is the greatest test of character. And the character-failure of Saul was a primary cause for the disasters that came upon Israel during his reign. As with Hitler, growing power, meant growing pride, till Hitler thought himself greater than God. As with Germany, Israel paid the penalty of dependence on the might of man rather than on the strong arm of God.

THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL are not free from blame in the sins of Saul. It was
(Continued on page 50)



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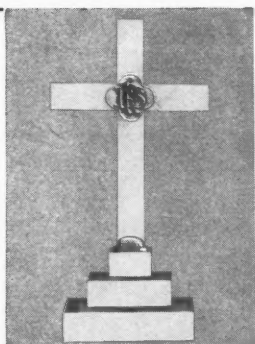
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"Well," explained the dealer, "what you need now is a little dog to wake up the big dog."

—Christian Leader.

Operation Necessary

A lady approached an Edinburgh surgeon and asked him if he would perform an operation.

"What for?" he inquired.

"Oh, anything you like. You see, I attend a lot of women's afternoon parties and, never having had an operation, I simply can't take part in the conversation."

—Kablegram.

Comme il Faut

Entering the kitchen one evening the lady of the house was amazed to see her cook, who was going home for the night, packing some empty grapefruit hulls into her black bag. Completely mystified at this procedure and curious to find out the reason for it she asked, "Mandy, why in

the world do you take the trouble to carry home those empty grapefruits?"

"Well, ma'am, Ah admit they ain't any use to me—but they sure does make my garbage look stylish."

—McCall Spink.

What's the Score?

After listening patiently to the first part of the orchestral concert, little Johnny asked his father, "What is that book the conductor is reading?"

"That's the score, Johnny."

"Oh. Who's winning?"

—Yorkshire Post.

Likes & Dislikes

"Doctor," growled the man who had been put on a diet, "why do you always order a fellow to cut out the things he likes?"

"Because," snapped the doctor, "he never eats or drinks the things he doesn't like, so it stands to reason it must be the things he does like that are disagreeing with him."

—Lookout.

Desperate

The longshoremen were busy loading a ship. The smallest of them was working the end of the line, handing the packages to the man off the ship. After about an hour's work, an anvil was passed down the line. When it came to the little longshoreman, he lost his balance and fell into the



Lundberg

"Did your father help you with this?"
"Naw, I got it wrong by myself."

ocean. He went down, surfaced after a moment and shouted, "Help!"

No one went down after him. Down he went for a second time, surfaced, and again shouted, "Help!"

Still, no one paid any attention to him. Another moment and he went down for a third time, surfaced, and shouted desperately. "If somebody doesn't help me, I'm going to drop this anvil!"

—Reader's Scope.

How's That Again?

An instructor, suspecting his boys in class were drowsing, dropped into double talk to catch them. His talk went something like this:

"You then take the loose sections of fendered smolg and gwelg them, being careful not to overhear the brought tagooks. At this time, extract and wampf them gently for about time and a half. Fwengle each one twice, then did them in blinger. Otherwise discoobilate the entire instrument in twetchels. Now, are there any questions?"

"Yes," came a sleepy voice from the rear, "What are twetchels?"

—Exchange.

Laconic

Grandpappy Morgan, a hillbilly of the Ozarks, had wandered off into the woods and failed to return for supper, so young Tolliver was sent to look for him. He found him standing in the bushes.

"Getting dark, Grandpap," the tot ventured.

"Yep."

"Suppertime, Grandpap."

"Yep."

"Ain't ye hungry?"

"Yep."

"Well, air ye comin' home?"

"Nope."

"Why ain't ye?"

"Standin' in a b'ar trap."

—Kablegram.

You Can't Win

Henpecked Husband: "But, my dear, what have I done now? You've been talking for half an hour and I haven't said a word."

Wife: "I know you haven't said anything, but you've been listening in a most aggravating manner, and I'm not going to stand for it!"

—Link.

Then the Fun Began!

"Daddy," piped up little Joan at the dinner table, "isn't this roast beef we're having?"

"Why yes, Joan," replied her father.

"Daddy's such a tease," laughed the little girl as she addressed the guest at the table, "he told mother he was bringing home an old muttonhead for dinner."

—Voiceways.

Callers

A new maid was learning the ropes in the household. After an afternoon away the mistress inquired, "Mary, did any one call this afternoon?"

Mary—Yes, ma'am—Mike O'Flaherty and Mr. Rafferty.

Mistress—What! I'm sure I do not know them.

Mary—Why should you? They called on me.

—Lookout.

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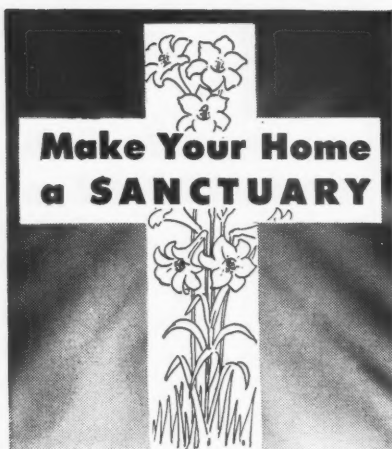
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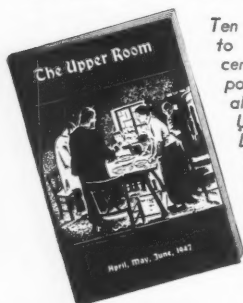
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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

(Continued from page 47)

their rebellion against the direct rule of God through His prophets that led to the demand for a king. It was their envy of neighboring tribes, with their kings and courts and the pomp and parade that go with them, that stirred them to demand a king. Because Saul got them some relief from the constant invasions by their enemies, they were willing to call him king in spite of his sins. Read again the recent history of Germany and see how the people, in spite of secret qualms of conscience, were willing to shout their "Heil Hitlers" because he was winning them material prosperity and racial supremacy. If it is true "like king, like people," it is also true "like people, like king." No people can deny responsibility for leaders chosen by them, and followed blindly by them.

God was the only source of greatness for Israel. He is the only source of the greatness of any nation. His ways are right and the nation that travels any other way is wrong. If God cannot approve, no pretense of national emergency will change wrong to right, injustice to justice, vengeance to forgiveness and brutality to mercy. Pride—personal pride, national pride, racial pride—the pride that shouts, "I am the captain of my soul," and shuts God out—this pride "goeth before destruction." Saul, falling on his own sword and Hitler, taking his own life in a Berlin cellar, are parables of humanity, swollen with pride, marching on to atomic self-destruction. "Blessed is the nation, whose God is the Lord."

Questions:

Discuss I Samuel 15:15. Cite other examples of excuses like this in the Bible and in life. Is there any hope for the man who will not admit he is wrong?

"To obey is better than sacrifice." Compare Psalm 50:8-14; 51:16, 17; Isaiah 1:11; Jeremiah 6:20; Micah 6:6, 7; Matthew 9:13; 12:7. Remember sacrifice is good only if the spirit is good.

APRIL THE KINGDOM STRENGTH- ENED AND ENLARGED

20 II SAMUEL 5:6-10, 17-25

MEN called of God can fail. Saul failed. But God never fails. His will knows no extremity. As Saul was giving more and more evidences of his spiritual and moral decay, David, the pink-cheeked shepherd boy, was being called to save God's people. God does not go where men would go to find His servants. And centuries later men did not expect to find their King, born in a stable, His father a carpenter, His home in unrespected Nazareth. No matter how complete seems the destruction of nation or world, remember, in some unexpected place, God is raising and training someone to save His people. This was the

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certainty of the prophets even when God's people were in exile and pagan rites were being performed in the Holy City. This must be our faith.

David is the hero of every normal boy who knows his story. His bravery in battle against Goliath and the Philistines; his respect for Saul as God's anointed; his patience under the insane jealousy of his king; his loyal friendship for Jonathan; his mercy when the life of Saul was in his hands; his refusal to fight against God's people, even when they had driven him into exile; his genius in war and in the administration of government—all these are marks of greatness that place him among the world's great kings.

Most of all, David was great in his faith in God. He was a beautiful singer, a poet whose verse belongs among the classics. The theme of his verse is the greatness and goodness of God. The record is merciless as it tells of his sins. Yet David did not lose his faith in the forgiving love of God. In utmost humility he confessed his sins and found peace for his soul. He restored the worship of God and made Jerusalem, his capital city ("David's burg" Dr. Moffatt called it), the shrine of religion for all time. He translated his religion into justice in his courts and in the administration of his kingly office. His longing to build the temple welled out of his humble faith that God had been leading all the way from the scattered, fearful tribes inherited from Saul to the great nation he could bequeath to Solomon. It was a present, mighty, loving God he sought to honor, to whom he and his nation owed everything good.

UNDER DAVID, Israel at last was to realize the covenant promise of God to Abraham. (*Genesis 15:18*) Jerusalem was the capital for a Hebrew empire extending over Moab, Philistia, Phoenecia, and the land of the Hittites and Syrians. The leadership of David accomplished this because with all his faults, he trusted God. Let this be remembered by those who represent their governments in the United Nations. Mercy, justice, and humility are the marks of personal or national greatness.

We need leaders whose obedience to God is implicit. To know God's will they must be men of prayer, men who seek to know God's Word, men who are ready to die, or to have their nations destroyed, rather than to disobey what they believe to be God's purpose.

The significance of the life work of David is discovered only when we see Joseph and Mary on the way to "The City of David" and see the Child mothered there by Mary. This Son of David was to be the King who would enlarge the Kingdom of God till all the world was within its borders. In His kingship He would realize perfectly all that was best in David's. In Him the blessings of God would no longer be confined to

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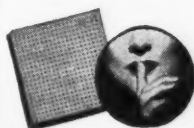
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one race and one nation, but would be offered to all men. David was called to save a people necessary in God's plan for the redemption of the world. Great as was the glory of David, a greater than David was to come, and of His reign there shall be no end.

Questions:

Jesus said, "I call you . . . friends." Note from the life of David instances that show his capacity for friendship. List the marks of Christian friendship.

APRIL
27

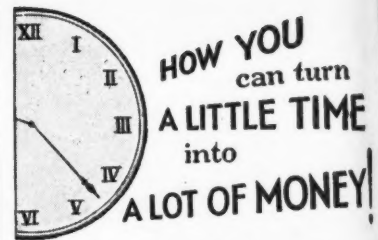
NATIONAL GLORY AND
DECAY

I KINGS 3:5-9; 5:13-16; 11:4-9

WHAT the world counts as the greatest era in the life of a contemporary nation, history may record as the first steps toward destruction. The "Golden Age" of Solomon proved to be gilded clay. His reign began with "intrigue and with a purge of all his enemies." Vain-glory and despotism mingled in the building of his empire. If his father extended the influence of Israel by force of arms, Solomon depended on unworthy alliances and the smart arts of diplomacy. His magnificent building program was possible through slave labor and burdening taxes. Archeological discoveries confirm the reality of "Solomon's stables, his navy, and the copper smelters of Ezion-geber." If luxury, pomp, and world renown are the measure of greatness, then the reign of Solomon was indeed magnificent.

Solomon made a good beginning. Read the story of his idealism in *I Kings 3:3-15*. "Grant Thy servant a thoughtful mind for governing Thy people, that I may distinguish right and wrong." That is a prayer that should be in the heart of every national leader. Solomon reminds us of Saul, beginning with such bright prospects, and increasingly spoiled by the very success of his leadership. If he had not inherited a strong nation, his personal weaknesses might well have ended earlier in disaster for his nation. Future generations would pay the price of his love of earthly glory.

Israel was destined to be different. Her ways should have been ways of justice and mercy. The extension of her influence should have been by her reputation for righteousness. Jesus depended upon the life and witness of His disciples for the spread of His kingdom. Christians became blessings upon all whose lives they touched. They showed qualities of life that attracted their neighbors. This was the divine plan for Israel. Under Solomon the Hebrew nation could have been a model for all human government. Instead, the king used his peculiar endowments of mind to make clever alliances, to contract marriages with heathen royalty, to play the game of diplomacy. Israel became just another nation, maintaining the worship of the one true God,



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but like every other nation in the pattern of its life and the program of its international relations.

WISDOM was not enough. The psalms and proverbs of the world's "wisest man" have been an inspiration to countless readers. Sound principles for living are clearly outlined. Tributes of worship to God are beautifully expressed. In our times it is well to remember the limitations of knowledge. Education of the mind and attainment of skills are not enough. Even the knowledge of God is not enough. The beautiful ritual of gold-domed temples is not enough. Only the education of the wills of men, under the empowering presence of the Holy Spirit, will produce a nation or a man worthy of leadership. Solomon could tell the world how to live, but he could not demonstrate this in his own life.

The polygamy of Solomon struck a blow at the very foundations of sound national life. He could write eloquently of love but lived lustfully. True he was only accepting the standards of family life of his age, yet the fruits of his lust can be directly traced in the coming collapse of his empire. The heathen wives he introduced into his court corrupted the religious and moral standards of all Israel. What a warning to a nation that is seeing its home life menaced by rapidly increasing separations and divorces. How vastly important it is that the homes of national representatives should be examples of marital love and fidelity! When movie-houses are crowded with men and women and children to see Hollywood stars whose publicity includes the number of their marriages, and when bobby-soxers mob men and women whose immoralities out-Solomon Solomon, it is time that the churches awake.

Character, rather than stock piles of atomic bombs, is the protection of any people. The glory of a nation is not the extent of its territories, nor the high material standards of its living. Its right to last rests on its worthiness before God. The nation that will be a blessing on all mankind, is the nation that in its personal ideals, in its home life and in its national and international policies, is most truly Christian.

Questions:

Henry Van Dyke said: "Wisdom is good, but holiness is as far above wisdom as Christ is above Socrates. If Solomon had only been wise enough to choose this, how rich beyond expression would have been the results of his vision."

Discuss and apply to American education.

What changes do you suggest in the international policies of America and Great Britain in order to make them more Christian? Is it practical to be uncompromisingly Christian in international relations?

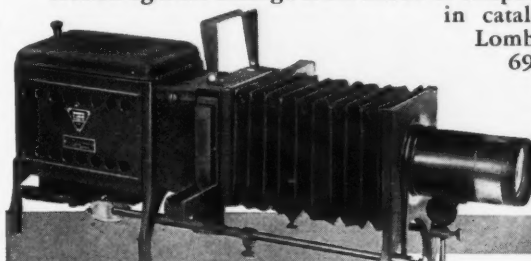
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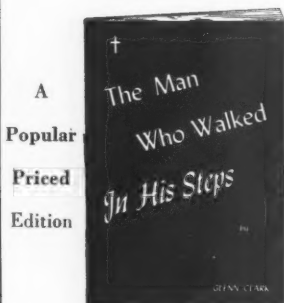
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MAN WHO WALKED WITH GOD (Continued from page 22)

two weeks especially to them. He found these two weeks the most interesting and revealing of all. When they were over he induced the young people of his church to follow up the good work he had started with some remarkably fruitful results. It became the finest training ground for those who afterwards went into foreign missionary work, and scores of the Negroes rose to be leading citizens in the community.

Thus ended a period more important and more valuable than any theological course Charles Sheldon could have taken in any seminary in the country—a special post-graduate course in the laboratory of life. One of the most precious results was that Jesus' teachings, "Love thy neighbor," "Give a cup of cold water to one of the least of these," and the parable of the Good Samaritan were made to take on a life and meaning in the ministry of the Central Church of Topeka that they never had before. No wonder that a man who took Jesus' teachings as realistically and earnestly as this was able later on to pour his heart out in a book that reached the ends of the earth, and may continue to be read until the end of time!

CHARLES SHELDON was not a long-faced reformer. But he soon found that he could not follow in the steps of his Master without trying to make many changes in this world. How to carry out these reforms, turning the world into a Utopia after the manner one might conceive Jesus would like to have it, would naturally bring one into the field of controversy. But reforming the world is a pastime very native to Kansas. It was there that John Brown started to make Abolition a living issue. It was there that Carrie Nation did the same thing for Prohibition. And it was out of Kansas that there came the crusading message of *In His Steps*. But because Charles Sheldon always worked with a smile on his face and love in his heart, he made few enemies.

One of the transformations vividly portrayed in his book was that of a newspaper, the editor of which tried to do everything as he believed Jesus would do it. One day the publisher of the *Topeka Capital* said to Charles Sheldon: "How would you like to try the same experiment with the *Capital* for one week?"

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Thousands of dollars worth of requests for advertising were declined—liquor, tobacco and all similar notices being taboo. Every smoker on the paper went without his pipe that week while on duty, and in spite of tremendous burdens placed upon the staff, not a word of profanity was ever uttered. Indeed, the good will and hearty cooperation of all the workers was very heartening to the editor. The editorials were placed on the front page and all were signed. The great famine of 1900 in India received very little notice in other papers, but in this edition it was the featured news on the front page, together with a call for financial help. It was the first daily to print editorial comment under or over the news item that deserved such comment, and the result was remarkable. A train-load of Kansas corn was sent by the Kansas farmers to New York and CHRISTIAN HERALD chartered a ship and sent the cargo to Bombay where it was unloaded and distributed all over the famine district.

"Sometimes," said Dr. Sheldon, "when people have asked me if the paper were not a failure, as the press reports for the most part said it was, I have replied that if it accomplished nothing more than saving several thousand children from starvation, I would always feel as if it were a success."

It is no exaggeration to say that over

\$100,000 worth of food and relief was sent to a starving people from the first item of news published in the *Capital* on March 19, 1900.

Society news was condensed to almost nothing and crime and other sensational evils given a mere line. The Sunday edition was changed into a special Saturday Evening edition, nearly all of its articles being religious.

"The entire concept of Christianity to my mind is entirely stripped of its tremendous meaning," said Dr. Sheldon, "if we do not think of Jesus as the most vitally interested Being that ever lived in the common everyday doings of humanity. If Jesus could not take part in the publishing of a daily paper, then He could not participate in any other energy that we have to use in order to make a living. The greater part of His life was passed in a carpenter's shop, and the tables and benches and common wooden things in many a home of Nazareth were doubtless made by His hands. It is a monstrous perversion of all our right ideas of the Redeemer of the world to place Him in a position that removes Him from the everyday life of mankind. The vast majority of the people of this world are not preachers and missionaries and teachers, but working men and women, toiling over some task that has to do with material things, with tools of hard, dirty labor."

(Part Two follows in next issue)

TEA TIME CHAT

(Continued from page 44)

tion and build-up that anyone reading it would feel they were missing an awful lot if they didn't attend. What it boiled down to, as far as I could see, was a clothing sale, but they dressed it up rather than boiling it down . . . and they called it "The Clothes Corral." Doesn't that name give you a lot of ideas? A Western setting, for instance, with all the trimmings to go with it.

The committee asked that all the used merchandise contributed to the sale be laundered or dry-cleaned and in good repair. As a special attraction, it was sold on a 50 percent commission basis, half going back to the donor, and half to the church. Even on that basis the church netted \$800.

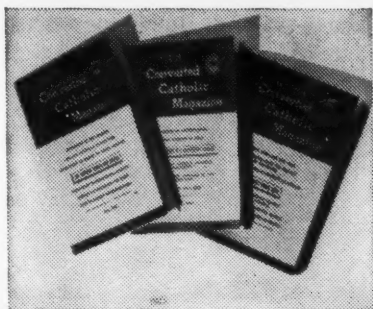
And that's not all. As a special attraction, two local authors of children's books were present to autograph their books. One brought with her a doll collection—how the children must have loved that!

Now it may be impossible for you to reproduce this idea completely . . . but then you wouldn't want to either, for it's more fun to work out your own—that puts vitality into a project. However this description does contain so many suggestions from which you can work, that I'm sure you join me in thanking our reader for sending it to us.

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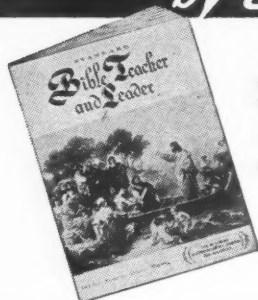
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DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 43)

FRI.
APR. 11

READ PSALM 103:1

"AND all that is within me bless His holy name!" That text is like a bugle blast on a bright dawning. It is reveille to our souls. It is all inclusive, "And all that is within me"; my hands, feet, voice, eyes, appetite, talents, desires, affections; "All that is within me bless His holy name." In the recent war we became familiar with such slogans as "All out for war," "All out for production," "All out for defense." The "All" was the important word in those slogans; and the whole nation down to every child knew what it meant. What a thought it is; enough to stir the Christian soul to its very depths; that we give all to God; all our material things, all our talents, powers, thoughts, which means "ALL that is within me."

Dear God of all things, we thank Thee that Thou hast summoned us to a full and complete sacrifice, giving and living; and we hereby respond to that call by giving to Thee our ALL. Amen.

SAT.
APR. 12

READ I KINGS 3:12

"I HAVE given thee a wise and an understanding heart." God gave his poets wise and understanding hearts and with such a heart Robert Browning caught the deeper meaning of April when he said, from Italian shores, "Oh, to be in England now that April's there; and whoever wakes in England, sees, some morning unaware, that the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf, while the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough in England—now." Browning had the wise and understanding heart to interpret for all of us what Spring and April means all over this earth. April is the time of awakening, quickening, new earth and new birth; and we of the Christian tradition understand well what that means.

Dear God of all Aprils and all awakenings, give us the wise and understanding hearts of poets, prophets and sages to know Thy quickening and Thy awakening in our spiritual lives this day. Amen.

SUN.
APR. 13

READ JOHN 15:12

"LOVE one another." That is truly a great and universal, a workable and effective system of living: "But one thing is needful and ye shall be true, to yourselves, and your goal and the God that ye seek; yea, the day and the night shall requite it to you; if ye love one another and your love be not weak." Not only Alfred Noyes understands that eternal fact in human life, but Jesus set it forth as the great and ultimate law of life: "That ye love one another." That was

His last commandment which superseded all other of "These sayings of mine." It worked in the day of Jesus and it will work today; personally, in the family, in the neighborhood, in the nation; and in international relationships.

Dear Christ of all love and brotherhood, Thou who didst go about in Thy day healing, helping, understanding and loving, teach us to "Love one another."

MON. APR. 14

READ GAL. 5:25, 26

"IF WE live by the spirit, by the spirit let us also walk." Oliver Goldsmith once said: "You can preach a better sermon with your life than with your lips," and that is exactly what our text says this morning. I once heard Bishop Quayle say: "The very way you walk down the street, greet your neighbor when you meet him; the way you eat your food, the way you speak to a servant, a dog or a cat; the way you do your daily chores; is either religious or irreligious. Every act, look and gesture is one or the other; religious or irreligious; kind or unkind; thoughtful or thoughtless."

Dear Christ of the spirit of love, affection and sweetness, we pray Thee, that Thou wilt teach us through Thy life to live our religion and love; to live by the spirit and to walk with Thee in every daily task. Amen.

TUES. APR. 15

READ PSALM 118:24

THIS is the day that Jehovah hath made." Indeed all days are the days that Jehovah hath made so. "We will rejoice and be glad in it." So, let us take as our thought for this day some wise words from Henry Van Dyke and make them the goal for this day: "These are the gifts I ask of Thee, Spirit Serene: strength for the daily task, courage to face the road. Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load, and, for the hours of rest that come between, an inward joy in all things heard and seen."

Dear God of all days and nights, dawns and sunsets, we thank Thee that we are aware of the fact that Thou hast made this day and all days and that we are privileged to rejoice in it, come sun or rain, cloud or sunshine. Amen.

WED. APR. 16

READ ISA. 58:3

"THEN shall thy light break forth as the morning." What a heartening and helpful verse that is for this day; but even a more inspiring phrase follows immediately: "and thy healing shall spring forth speedily." The words "Thy healing" I like, for verily it is true that there is "Healing in His wings"; and verily did Christ tell us that He came to heal the sick. He called Himself "The Great Physician," and we have a glorious old church hymn: "The Great Physician now has come, the sympathizing Jesus."

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Dear Christ, who long ago was called
"The Great Physician," heal Thou us of
our spiritual illnesses, our discontent
and loneliness this day. Amen.

THURS.
APR. 17

READ PSALM 16:11

"IN Thy presence is fullness of joy." If we really want to have June-joy in our lives we must sow that June-joy in April. That is a universal law of life. We must learn to "Put in the plow and plant the great hereafter in the now." We must also hearken to Browning's other couplet: "June reared that bunch of flowers you carry, from seeds of April's sowing." How true it is that we reap exactly what we plant; good or bad fruits. If we plant love we reap love; if we plant seeds of kindness in April's spring we shall reap June-joy.

Dear Father of all April plantings and June reaping, we thank Thee that June-joy comes to us when we have planted the seeds of April flowers knowing that: "In Thy presence is fullness of joy." Amen.

FRI.
APR. 18

READ EPH. 4:23, 24

"BE RENEWED in the spirit of your mind." Perhaps the most thrilling and inspiring thought in our Christian religion and plan of salvation is the renewal thought; a thought which always recurs to us in springtime; that there is renewal of mind, attitudes, body and soul for us in Christ Jesus. We call it "rebirth," "redemption," "salvation," "conversion." But whatever we call it, it is always the same; it is Spring come to the spiritual life; it is renewal. Ruth Harwood sang it thus: "Dawn is a tide of joy that circles round the earth, eternally reminding us of our immortal birth. Dawn is a tide of joy that ever comes to say: 'Forget the burdens of the past; all can be new today!'"

Dear Father of all Springs, of all physical dawns, we thank Thee for the "tides of joy" that sweep in on us with each renewal of dawn and spring, with each morning meditation. Amen.

SAT.
APR. 19

READ PHIL. 4:11

I MAY have sunshine or darkness to-day; I may meet kindness or suffering; good people or bad people; understanding friends or critical friends. I may have happiness or sorrow, but whatever happens to me I must remember that God is my advocate and God is my adjuster. "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am therein to be content." I am going, this day, to trust God, to rest securely in Him and in His running of my universe. Nothing is going to disturb me. I shall not allow any slight or unkindness to disturb me this day, for I am serene in Him.

Dear God of all adjustments, we thank Thee that in Thee is our security and our peace and that Thou hast taught us in whatsoever state we happen to be, to be content in Thee. Amen.

SUN. APR. 20 READ ISA. 40:31

THEY that wait for Jehovah shall renew their strength." And that is exactly what we of this hour of meditation are doing each day; we are waiting for Jehovah. Are we in the midst of storm, turmoil and confusion in this day and age? Let us remember then that Dr. Lynn Harold Hough once said: "Only a storm God can hear the prayers of men and women who have to live in a storm." And only a suffering Christ can hear and answer the prayers of people who have to live lives of suffering and sorrow.

Dear God of all storms; Thou who didst reveal Thy voice to the suffering Job in the storms of life; teach us to be still in our hearts and to remember that after the storm and earthquake there is always "Thy still small voice." Amen.

MON. APR. 21 READ PSALM 101:1

"I WILL sing of loving kindness and justice." I know a man who says to me with great regularity: "If I can't say something good about a man, I say nothing." I know a woman who goes about all day long deliberately trying to find something kind and good in people; and she deliberately ignores the unkind things about her friends, for as she always says: "That is not their real selves. They are really very kind people in what I like to call their Dominant Universes. I like to think of people at their best."

Dear gracious heavenly Father, we thank Thee that Christ always seemed to seek out and see the best in people in His day; and that He emphasized the best He saw and, thus, made them better. Teach us that way of living and loving. Amen.

TUES. APR. 22 READ PSALM 67:6

"GOD, even our own God, will bless us." Awareness of God is the essential thing to develop in a growing Christian experience. Let us say to ourselves in the light of this text: "I am aware of God's living presence in April sunshine, blossoming flowers and trees; in the awakening of spring in the earth; I am living in the spiritual presence of God, holding to my heart a consciousness of His nearness. I am aware that it is His life that quickens the spark of love within me; and I am aware that I am tied up with the universe and Him. I am aware of a glory that runs from the heart of myself to the heart of the suns. I am aware of a glory that ties all the things of the earth with the things of the skies." (Continued on page 64)



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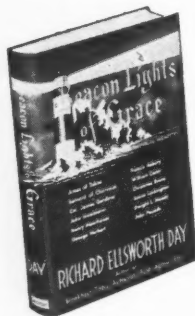
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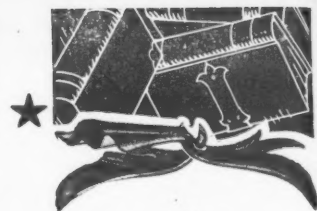
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The NEW BOOKS

By
DANIEL A. POLING

THE WALLS OF JERICHO, by Paul I. Wellman, is a great novel, written by a master of his art but belittled and soiled by the author's inhibitions. Why must anyone even seem to write as though to renounce the fact of his ancestry? Here is an author with a family background in medical missions and with a great church tradition and yet, not a line in his strong novel relating to the church and few indeed that refer to marriage, suggest that these institutions are ever more than facades of hypocrisy. Typical of the overtones of the story is the treatment of William Jennings Bryan. I never voted for the Great Commoner, but I knew him and there is no excuse for this caricature. The description of the Kansas blizzard and the birth scene in a sod house are epic in all their proportions. Characters of great strength come alive and never-to-be-forgotten scenes of America, maturing and on the march, are etched for us by a master craftsman against a background of rioting human emotions. The heroic conclusion of the novel is also its greatest weakness, for the author did not finish what he had begun. Did he lack courage? Certainly he had the ability. In one incident, when, after a public confession, a moral offender is forgiven by the church, the event is heaped with ridicule and treated with contempt. So great a writer as this man could have made of that occasion a creative triumph of twentieth-century fiction.

One of the most eloquent volumes that has been written in our time is THE THIRD WAY, by Stuart Cloete—a philosophical dissertation in the literary grand manner. It runs like a clear river to the vastness of its prophetic conclusion. The author accepts neither the alternative of reaction nor that of revolution. He speaks for the militant center, for moderation and for democracy and he speaks with a voice of profound Christian faith. "Everything," he writes, "remains controversial and subject to discussion with the exception of a universal hope for an end of war, a belief in the destiny of man and in the fact of God." Before that he has said, "In our state we resemble children seeking to decide upon a permanent kindergarten," and yet he writes humbly. "I am convinced," he tells us, "that we have taken part in not merely the greatest war the world has ever seen, but are witnessing an actual change in mankind. . . . If it fails, we of the West are

finished and a new civilization must arise in the East."

THE WALLS OF JERICO, by Paul I. Wellman. (Lippincott, \$3)
THE THIRD WAY, by Stuart Cloete. (Houghton Mifflin, \$3)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

"AA" **KNOW YOUR BIBLE BETTER HOME STUDY LIBRARY**. (AA Book Counselors, 14 textbooks and Study Plan, \$14) The "Know Your Bible" series by Roy L. Smith, "The Story of the Bible," by Edgar J. Goodspeed, and "Our Ageless Bible," by Thomas L. Leischman, with a simple study plan for the "Know Your Bible Better Home Study Library," is incomparably the finest thing that has appeared in the field of Bible reading and Bible study within the years of my public life. There is genius in the plan and eloquent genius in the writing. Such titles as "How Your Bible Grew Up," "The Bible and the First World State," "Writing Scripture Under Dictators," "Jewish Wit, Wisdom and Worship," "Paul Launches the New Testament," "Three Gospels and a History," are significant of a series that has the luminous quality of pictorial writing without pictures. Never before, I think, has Bible study and Bible reading been reduced to the question-and-answer method for all sixty-six books of the Holy Scriptures without the loss of continuity. Perhaps my highest tribute is the fact that I am using the series in my own home and in my church.

NIGHT CLIMB, by Frank Harper. (Longmans, Green, 216 pp., \$2.50) This little volume may be described as a factual novel. It is filled with stirring episodes in the history of the unique Tenth Mountain Division of the American Army. From training days in Colorado when the finest mountain climbers and skiers of America were brought together and taught the art of mountain warfare through battle days in the mountains of Italy, the pages are filled with stirring adventure.

DULCIMER STREET, by Norman Collins. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 637 pp., \$3) This "biggest and most important novel" of the author overwhelms with its size and detail. As has been suggested by the publisher, there are qualities that recall Dickens, but not Dickens at his best. As I read I remembered the old hymn, "How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours."

BUT LOOK, THE MORN, by MacKinlay Kantor. (Coward McCann, 308 pp., \$3.50) Typically well-written, this intimate family story will disappoint many of the author's admirers. He does a pretty thorough job of ridiculing the church in which he worshipped and the religion in which he was baptized. Also he is quite fearless in dealing with his renegade father—but why? The picture he presents of his mother and his craftsmanship generally mark him with distinction.

MOZART—GENIUS OF HARMONY, by Ann M. Lingg. (Holt, 331 pp., \$3.00) The best on Mozart we've ever read—and

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In this international anthology, friendship is examined as a challenge to the spirit rather than the passive acceptance of a gift. The literature of every language is rich in tributes to the love and constancy of friend and out of this material Elizabeth Selden has selected poems that are an affirmation of the universality of friendship. Her editorial notes furnish the background of selections ranging from the ancient Chinese to present times.

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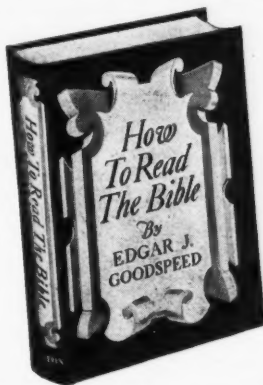


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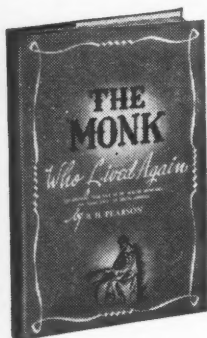
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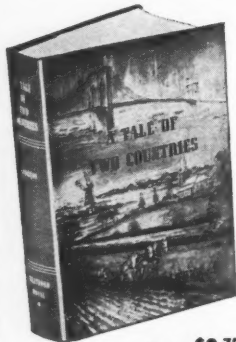
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A TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES, by **H. M. Langton**. (Hobson Book Press, 421 pp., \$3.75) This one ought to be made required reading in the British-American department. Written out of the heart for your heart, by a refugee from Turkey who found the folks he writes about completely lovable, it deals with the British Lincolnshire of the Victorian era. Through its pages, whimsically, roam Tennyson, Isaac Newton and John Wesley. It has a certain beautifully nostalgic, mellow quality that is haunting and soothing as a log fire in an old kitchen. Nor is the Christian emphasis neglected. It is both escape and reality, and it is good. F. S. M.

TORY RADICAL, *The Life of Richard Oastler*, by **Cecil Driver**. (Oxford, 597 pp., \$5.00) A truly great biography of one of the most dramatic, colorful, and courageous lives of nineteenth-century England. Out of a profound psychological experience which transformed his own life, Oastler came to launch and passionately lead a social revolution. Long hours of work, unsanitary conditions and particularly the exploitation of children challenged him to action. When his hour struck, he developed talents as an orator and writer, never dreamed of even by those who knew him best. He went bankrupt and was thrown into prison, but he fought on. He died without achieving all his objectives, but he was a white knight of freedom. Even the *London Times* called him "The Providential Organ of the Oppressed and Suffering Poor." Truly a great book! Within these pages great writing rises from a truly great life.

HENRY ADAMS AND HIS FRIENDS, edited by **Harold Dean Cater**. (Houghton Mifflin, 797 pp., \$7.50) One of the books that in any field appears only once in a blue moon. A complete picture of Henry Adams—scholar, teacher, writer and warm-hearted dilettante, but also a comparative picture of the generations through which he moved with great literary distinction. This work of unpublished letters is unique. Such touches as these make reading the book a series of alluring discoveries: Henry Cabot Lodge came to dinner one night and vilified Wilson until Henry Adams said, "No treason at this table!" No wonder that dinner was finished in "icy silence."

CITY IN THE SUN, by **Karon Kehoe**. (Dodd, Mead, 269 pp., \$2.50) Tremendous in its implications for American racial unity and moral integrity, this is a book of the year. With heroic objectivity the author tells the story of the nation's sin against her own people. The Japanese American was the victim of an unworthy fear. Within these backs he holds his course toward the final accounting. Quietly he awaits the judgment of history. He can afford to wait.

THE BIG BREWSTER FAMILY, by **Jannette May Lucas**. (Lippincott, 165

pp., \$2.00) Right now juvenile books—stories for boys and girls—are like a lovely island in a flood of filth. I do not remember any year in which there have been so many fine juveniles and this is one of the finest. Here is a historical novel of Plymouth Colony, colorful, factual, dramatic and also interesting, whether you read it for yourself or to another. The illustrations are particularly attractive.

IN THE HANDS OF THE SENECA, by Walter D. Edmonds. (Little, Brown, 213 pp., \$2.50) A "Triple A" gorgeous book of American pioneer adventure. The author of "Drums Along the Mohawk" has done something different but equally fine. The stories, authentic and historical, are also biographical and the Indian, though he still scalps and burns (as taught by the white man!) is given the finest interpretation that I have yet read.

CHURCH BUILDING FINANCE, by Elbert M. Conover. (Interdenominational Bureau of Architecture, 62 pp., 75c) The last word in church building finance, by the one man in this country best fitted to write about it. Gives details of preliminary and final organization, sample letters, money-raising ideas, organization and training of canvassers; discusses thousand and one other church-building matters. "Excellent" is the word for it. F.S.M.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGION, Edited by Vergilius Ferm. (Philosophical Library, 844 pp., \$10) The buy of the year! The name of the editor alone commends it; a careful examination of the material between these covers makes us enthusiastic. This is far and away the most authentic, complete and readable one-volume source-book on religion we have seen in our generation. We'd call it "priceless." F. S. M.

THE RISE OF HENRY MORCAR, by Phyllis Bentley. (Macmillan, 415 pp., \$3.00) This novel of one man's life is the story of British industry through the period of greatest social change in the empire's history. The "triangle" is less offensive than triangles generally are, but it is still there. The craftsmanship is of the highest. Here is an author who comes alive in the characters she creates.

THROUGH RUSSIA'S BACK DOOR, by Richard E. Lauterbach. (Harper, 239 pp., \$2.75) With thirty-two pages of fine photographs, this beautiful volume takes us behind the iron curtain across Siberia and beyond. A factual, intimate view of Russia and the Russians within the vast frontier regions. Vivid and dynamic, the book is as entertaining as it is provocative.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WAR AND PEACE, by Albert C. Knudson. (Abingdon-Cokesbury, 221 pp., \$2.00) Within these backs grows the argument for world peace and from these pages emerges a road to the goal. A philosophical and factual guide.

A PLAIN MAN'S LIFE OF CHRIST, by A. D. Martin. (Macmillan, 217 pp., \$2.00) Just what the title has to say, it is also a combination of scholarship and simplicity.

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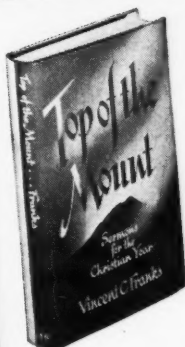
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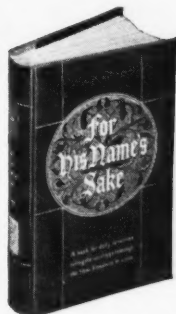
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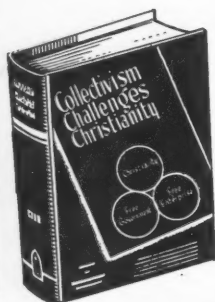
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DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 59)

Dear God, "even our own God," we thank Thee that we know that Thou wilt bless us this day as Thou dost bless the earth with sunshine, rain and the great awakening. Amen.

WED.
APR. 23

READ JOHN 8:32

"YE SHALL know the truth," Brief, compact, stirring promise. "And the truth shall make ye free." Which means the truth about life, about Christ, about God, about kindness and love; and that shall make ye free of hate, envy, worry, and pettiness. That is the freedom for which we are all looking. It might well be added to the Atlantic Charter of our Spiritual Freedoms. If we are anxious, envious, jealous, depressed, irritable, or sluggish in our souls, then we know that we are *not* free. We are in spiritual slavery to sin and hate. To know God is to be free, to mount up with wings as eagles and to walk and not be weary. That is the *summum bonum*, the ultimate good and the ultimate freedom.

Dear God of all free and happy men and women, we thank Thee that Thou hast promised us we may be free of all fears, anxieties and worries. Amen.

THURS.
APR. 24

READ ROM. 13:10

"LOVE is the fulfillment of the law." We might put it even more succinctly and say "Love is fulfillment" and not tamper with the eternal meaning of that deeply spiritual law of life. "Love is fulfillment." No human being who has come to the sunset years of life, but who has learned that complete fulfillment only comes through love; love of home, of child, of husband and wife; love of humanity; love of Christ and God. Only love brings complete fulfillment, complete mastery of life. Only love brings the complete fulfillment which results in a perfectly poised, powerful, happy and integrated life.

Dear God of all fulfillment, through whose universal laws fruits and grain come to their ripening, the seasons come and go, the flowers burst into beauty and perfume; we thank Thee that Thy love brings complete fulfillment to our souls. Amen.

FRI.
APR. 25

READ PSALM 16:11

"IN THY presence is fullness of joy!" In my years of interviewing the great of this nation, I have asked five persons what "The fullness of joy" meant to them. Luther Burbank said: "The fruition of things." Henry Ford said: "To create and build something." Roland Hayes, the Negro tenor, said: "To ex-

(Continued on page 66)

THE STARS ARE ALSO REAL

(Continued from page 17)

aroused public mind and conscience.

The outlawing of *Memoirs of Hecate County* was brought about by a campaign in the Hearst press. That press has been criticized roundly in the past for certain journalistic sins of commission and omission, but it deserves a medal for this crusade against filthy books. It drove *Hecate* out of New York, started a movement which brought those who sold it into court in other localities, created a publicity which made many a public library lock its doors to the book, aroused comments and interest in new laws in the State and achieved the notice of the Attorney-General of the United States. They were helped in that crusade by jurists, social workers, writers, columnists—and clergymen. And we were a little startled, reading the clips of that campaign, to discover how few Protestant clergymen helped to do the job. If it hadn't been for statements from Dan Poling and Dr. Daniel Marsh of Boston, Protestantism would have suffered by its absence. The overwhelming majority of clergymen who threw their weight into the scales were not clergymen of our faith, and the only regrettable feature of the whole thing, for us, was that Protestantism sat still and did nothing, letting Mr. Hearst say and do what we should have said and done long before.

What we Protestants need to understand is that there are more than 60,000,000 Protestants in this country, and that 60,000,000 Protestants constitute a tremendous market for books; that we can—if we care to—stop the awful flood; that indecent books have the same narcotic effect on some minds that cocaine and whiskey have; that you can't touch fire without getting burned; that the right of free gossip or speech doesn't mean that you have the right to yell "fire" in a crowded theater; that obscenity is *not* realism; that the stars are as real as garbage cans; that an "artist" in the journalistic sense is one who is true to *all* the truth, not just to the lower layers of it; that lewdness hidden behind a screen labeled "realism" is *not* truth; that our Polecat Johnsons are as dangerous to public health as our Dillingers and our Al Capones.

Arthur ("Bugs") Baer put it perfectly when he wrote for the Hearst crusade: "Twenty or thirty years ago some freak got out a book of smutty anecdotes and credited them to well-known people. My name was one of them. I have been looking for that rat ever since. Some businessman printed that book. It was sold under the counter in hundreds of cities, including Boston. . . . I claim that when you do something like that, when you write, print or buy anything like that, you have committed the unpardonable crime since man first quenched his thirst for knowledge. You have polluted a spring."

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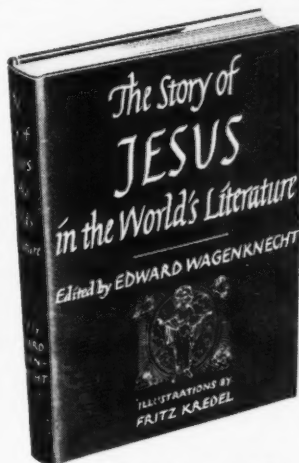
Serving the Reformation Cause is Boehmer's virile biography of Luther, *ROAD TO REFORMATION* (\$4). In Christian hymnody there is the Herzels' fascinating history, *TO THEE WE SING* (\$2). John Aberly's, *AN OUTLINE OF MISSIONS* (\$3) is a grand account of mission enterprise. *POWER FOR PEACE* by Nolde, (\$1), is the first text of its kind on a Christian's responsibility to future world order.

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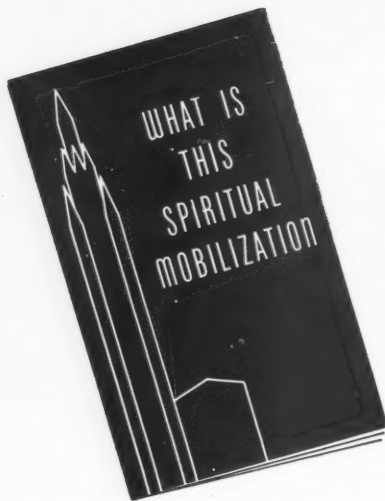
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DAILY MEDITATIONS (Continued from page 64)

press myself in spiritual songs." Thomas Edison said: "To discover some hidden secret of the universe and reveal it to people." Bishop Quayle said: "To be aware of God in your life is fullness of joy."

Dear Father of all joy and gladness we thank Thee that we find our complete joy in Thee this day and all days. Amen.

SAT. APR. 26 READ PSALM 68:35

"HE GIVETH strength and power." When we think of strength and power, we think of the "strength of the hills," and remember that God said "The strength of the hills is mine also." We think of the stalwart strength of trees and remember that the Psalmist sang, "He shall be like a tree." We think of rocks, granite cliffs and boulders and remember that a poet of the Bible said: "He shall shelter thee like a great rock in a weary land." That is what the Psalmist means when he sings, "He giveth strength and power." Think on these things of strength and power this day and be strong in Him.

Dear Christ of all our needs, we thank Thee that Thou doest give us the strength and power that we need this day to overcome all obstacles. Amen.

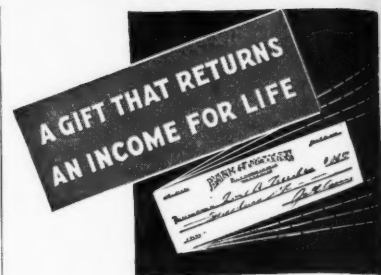
SUN. APR. 27 READ PSALM 16:8

"I HAVE set Jehovah always before me." It is what we set before us that gives us goals, faith and hope in these turbulent, trying days. Cervantes, the great Spanish writer, once said: "The road is always better than the inn." What he meant was that the inn is just a stopping place on the way of life and that the greatest joy is to take the road again after a night of rest and head toward the goal of immortality. The inn at night is only a point, a stopping place on the way. The goal, the destination, the star ahead is the vital thing. It is what we set before us that counts ultimately for happiness, peace and individual poise.

Dear Father of all ultimate goals, of all spiritual caravans, of every pilgrim's progress, we thank Thee that we Christians have set Thee before us as our end and aim. Amen.

MON. APR. 28 READ JOHN 16:13

"WHEN he, the spirit of truth, is come, he shall guide you into all the truth." The phrase I like in that great promise is, "He shall guide you." I like it because I have hunted a good deal in my day and have come to know the importance of a good guide in the Canadian



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woods; of a good guide in going through European art galleries. A good guide makes everything safe, clear, intelligent and meaningful. One gets more out of life when he has an experienced guide. Youth would be wise to follow the words of experience and wisdom of the adults who have gone that way before them. In spiritual matters they are wise who take our morning text to heart each day. "He shall guide you into all spiritual truth."

Dear God, Thou who art our guide as well as our Father in Heaven; we thank Thee for the inner consciousness that we may have Thee as our director, our friend and our guide through this great, dark cave of human life. Amen.

TUES. APR. 29 READ LUKE 12:32

"FEAR not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." It is any father's "good pleasure" to give his child anything that the child wants. I happen to be both a father and a grandfather and the greatest joy of my life, far none just now, is to discover anything that my grandchildren want and then to get it for them; always providing it will be good for them, and some say that I do not even consider that. All I know is that it is my "good pleasure" to give them "the kingdom" of anything they want. Therefore I know what that Scripture means; and so does every other father and grandparent. That is the eternal way of love.

Dear Father of all children, youth, and adults—we are all children to Thee—we thank Thee that it is Thy good pleasure to give us the Kingdom. Amen.

WED. APR. 30 READ COL. 3:16

"LET the word of Christ dwell in you richly." I remember once when I was a young minister visiting in Bishop William F. McDowell's home. That tender, kindly man took down his New Testament and said to me: "William, my son, I always like these New Testaments where the words of Christ are printed in red, for red is a symbol of Christ's blood, shed for me. You always have the feeling that Christ's words are alive, that they will bleed if you prick them; that they have an eternal virility, that they will make you live if you heed them and read them." I have never forgotten those wise, tender words, and whenever I read our text of this day I think of what he said to me.

Dear Christ of our health, virility, and happiness, we thank Thee that Thy words bleed, that they have life and a heart-throb in them; and this day we want to allow the word of Thy teaching to dwell in us richly. Amen.



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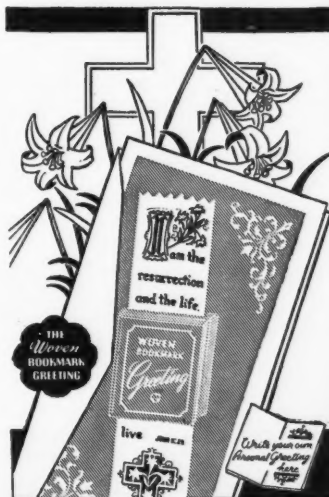
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WHAT'S AHEAD IN MISSIONS?

(Continued from page 19)

thousands of headaches with aspirin. Rather than close the mission stations among the "difficult" races, I would open more stations and remove the American missionaries from the "easy" races to serve where they are needed more.

Too many hospitals and mission projects are in larger centers of population, not enough in the smaller villages. Mrs. Margaret Cheng, an American-Chinese nurse trained in Boston, wrote me just before I left Burma that "All the mission hospitals are located in the large cities, and even the poor in those cities cannot go to them." She is worried about that. So am I.

Most confusing of all is the rivalry between denominations and (which is worse) the rivalries *within* denominations! I was amused recently to have a British government official, an Anglican, tell me how he resented the way the Bible Church Mission Society (an Anglican Church agency) had hired Baptist native Christians to help convert other Baptist natives to the Church of England!

One can hardly blame the natives for being confused by all this. The Buddhists cannot understand the animosity between denominations, and many cannot bring themselves to believe that the people of other denominations are really Christian. And if they are confused by this conflict between denominations, you can just imagine their *utter* confusion when they learned of the recent split within the Baptist denomination.

All over the East I find a demand for missions to prove the reality of their preaching by such practical forms of missionary work as will improve the physical and social and economic standards of living. It is more than possible that, with the new political developments in the Orient, missions will either have to take this indirect approach or be denied permission to return to their old fields.

To meet the pressing needs in the difficult spots of the frontier, I am going back to Burma soon to attempt a new medical experiment. With the help of American friends, I have organized a new American Medical Center for Burma and incorporated it under the laws of the State of New York. The Center will treat the sick with the most modern equipment available, without regard to race, color, wealth, or religious creed. We will train nurses until medical care is available in every bazaar and village of the area; we will make available post-graduate training to the physicians and surgeons of the country. We will cooperate with other religious and charitable institutions working for the welfare of the country.

This is a big job—the biggest I have ever attempted. Some of my friends say it can't be done. Maybe not, but you



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I don't think we'll fail. You see, a hundred and fifty of our hospital personnel are praying for me three times a day—in eighteen languages and two religions! That, plus the prayers and resources of missionary-minded folks in America, ought to do this thing for God!

TITHING TIME

(Continued from page 23)

everywhere; to animals which are abused, ill-fed and overlaid; the cold and hungry, the ill or dying life in whatever realm it occupies. Some day," he finished a little wistfully, "I hope to arrange my life so that I need spend only one-tenth of my time teaching and nine-tenths in prayer. *That* would be living."

"But, when do you pray?" I remembered to ask.

He looked as though he were about to confide a secret to me. "While most people are sleeping, between one and three in the morning."

"You mean you set an alarm clock and wake up to pray?"

He leaned forward, his voice very earnest. "Do you set an alarm to tell you when you are hungry? Neither do I have to be awakened for that spiritual food upon which I live. It is the most precious part of my day. I awake because I enjoy that period so much. Of course," he confessed, "I do retire early, not later than nine. In that way I avoid so much wasted time. Did you ever stop to realize how much time is wasted between the hours of seven and ten each evening? Idle conversations, with nothing gained or learned or even enjoyed; bridge playing, gossiping, drinking, going to shows or driving just to do something to keep from being bored." He shook his head sadly. "It is hard to understand that in this world where there is so much work to be done, or

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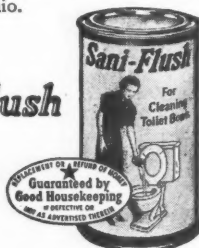


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perhaps I should say so much praying to be done, there are some people who have to manufacture synthetic pleasures in order to "pass the time away." God's time is too precious to be wasted.

"By going to bed early, I am well rested by one o'clock. Then I have my communion. After two hours or more I go to sleep until the rest of the world stirs, and then I go about the normal routine with everyone else. If it is impossible to get to bed early, I sleep through until dawn and then have my prayer-period, but I never go into a new day without having paid my tithe on the one before. And, since I have practiced this I cannot remember one morning in which I have awakened tired or wished I could remain longer in bed. I greet each day with eagerness and enthusiasm to be about my work. Living becomes a constant adventure."

When I asked him how he came to choose those hours for prayer, he told me that it began when he entered college. He had been brought up in a religious home, but he found it impossible to keep the practice of morning and evening prayers while living among other students. There was always someone coming or going, visitors for his room mate, telephone calls and endless interruptions. Very soon he found his life wasn't going right, and while he felt it was because of the absence of daily communion with God, he didn't know what he could do about it.

"I would tumble into bed at night exhausted," he related, "but in the early morning hours I would awaken and start worrying—over my grades, my seeming lack of friends, my inability to fit in with other people, my finances, everything. I would go back to my classes the next day more exhausted and discouraged than before. It got worse and worse, until one night I decided if I couldn't sleep I could pray. I gave myself, my sleeplessness and all my worries over to God. In a short time I fell into a deep sleep. I awoke the next morning more refreshed than I had been in months. In just a few days, using my insomnia as a time for prayer, I found I had many friends, my grades improved, I was able to carry an after-school job and my money worries were ended. It's been that way ever since.

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I came away determined to try his



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system of tithing. If it does for me only a little of what it has done for him—my life and the lives I contact will be enriched.

EMMY

(Continued from page 35)

The family reassembled; the new baby came, and Emmy settled in with us to remain six more months. We hoped she would never leave. She was supremely contented, and moved about the house as if she loved every bit of it. She never intruded upon our privacy nor assumed she was one of us. Although I never saw her eat, she quickly gained several badly needed pounds which made her look some years younger than when she first came to us. She was always perfectly groomed, and never seemed to be tired.

Although we worked together, Emmy did most of the housekeeping, cooking and laundry work. She helped with the mending and did lots of sewing at which she was expert. She had a mania for saving things which resulted in our wearing a few patches we would not otherwise have worn, and we ate some meals that were a bit frugal, but the patches were neat, and the meals were good and daintily served.

One day she asked if she might rummage through the attic and, later, if I objected to her working up some of the rugs in her spare time. I thought—spare time! However, I told her to do as she liked, and I shall never forget the rugs she made. They were beautiful and they were everywhere; each one suited in size, shape, weight and color to its room.

Emmy and I spent many hours together, working and sewing and visiting, but she never spoke of herself, her friends or relatives, nor of her former activities. This did not seem to be done consciously, yet she had an uncanny faculty of sidestepping the personal, and of keeping the conversation on a basis of what she believed the Lord would approve. More completely than anyone else I have known, Emmy had consecrated herself and her all to her Lord. Despite our hours and days of friendly association, she still remained a stranger.

Emmy was gone from the house for two or three hours every Thursday afternoon, but never returned with packages from the shops, books from the library, or other evidence of her activity. One day she seemed strangely happy but said nothing, and I did not notice until I remembered it later, that the following week she had been especially busy about the house. The next Thursday she came downstairs with her bonnet on, and with a box containing her belongings. There was both joy and regret in her manner as she told me she was leaving. The Lord had called her. I loved her dearly, and I took her in my arms and kissed her. Almost instantly she was gone, but her blessing continues with us.

I smiled at Emmy's conviction that

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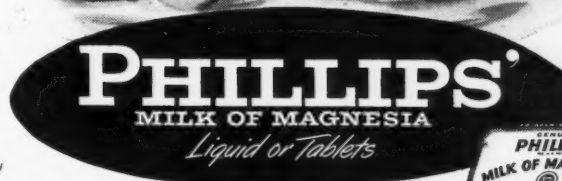
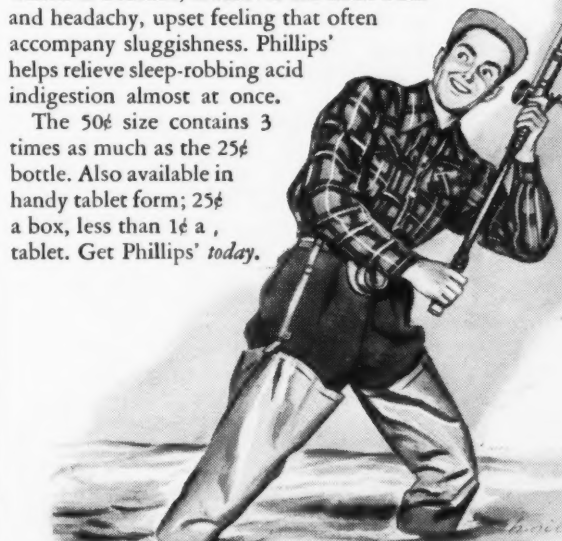
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the Lord had called her. In fact, I felt that He had been a bit precipitate about it, until I went into the kitchen and found the refrigerator, the cakebox and the cookie jar bulging with preparedness. The last bit of work that could be done about the house was done. In the wastepaper basket, however, there remained a tiny square of torn paper bearing the monogram of the State Reformatory, which was just outside the city. This impressed me more than I should have expected it to do. I was strangely disturbed, and thought of Emmy throughout the afternoon and evening.

THE MORNING News carried an account of the railroad crossing death of Emmy Gordon and her son Ralph, who had just been paroled from the reformatory. Mother and son were riding with a dairyman who had just hired them to work on his farm. The dairyman was seriously injured and could not be questioned. The police called me because they had found, in Emmy's box, a packet of envelopes from my personal stationery, each envelope containing currency.

I could give no information. I did make inquiry and learned there were no known relatives. Emmy and her son had come from a distant part of the state. The son had been in trouble frequently, and a social worker who knew them said Emmy had sold her home and spent her entire accumulation in an effort to prevent her son's conviction and imprisonment. When all had failed, she had come to remain near enough to the institution to be his visitor every Thursday afternoon.

The envelopes were emptied to provide a final resting-place. There was no one to make funeral arrangements, and no one to attend a funeral; so I called our pastor, and told him all about it. He arranged for a song, a prayer, and a Scripture reading. I stood between the caskets as he read the twenty-seventh Psalm.

Some of the sentences, phrases, words seemed to rise from her still, cold lips: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid . . . For in time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion; in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me; He shall set me up upon a rock . . . I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord . . . When Thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek . . . I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." He closed the Book with, "Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy way."

I looked at the son. His features were inscrutable, but Emmy smiled on, victoriously. It was then I knew that, indeed, the Lord had called Emmy. Called her to the joy of her son's release, and in His mercy that release had been made permanent.

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National

(Continued from page 40)

He watched Big's face narrowly.

"Everybody's been pretty busy, I reckon," Big said vaguely. "I've got to get along home now. I'll feel around and see what the people think of organizing."

"You do that," said Andy. "And thanks for coming over."

On Monday morning Bigelow Halleck rode through the swamp, from farm to farm, talking with those he had not seen after church services about the organization of the homesteaders. And on Monday morning Mr. Burke announced that he would be out for the sheriff's office. It was the most astounding political development in years.

It was a move that had odd and apparently unrelated repercussions. Sheriff Martin, who had planned to run Sam Bragg for sheriff this time, began to look about for a better tool. Bragg had made enemies as warden. It would take a good man to beat Mr. Burke—and he must be beaten! One good, fair administration of county affairs, and Mr. Martin's pie would be, to use an old way of putting it, all dough. Things must be done, and quickly! Old wounds must be saved; recent errors, born of overconfidence, must be corrected.

On Monday afternoon two big trucks carrying saddled horses, riders, and a pack of trained hog dogs came into the swamp and parked at the far end of the bayou bridge. Riders and dogs began scouring the woods for the live property of Sig Flanagan and his silent partners. Sheriff Martin was a man of action under proper threat to his welfare.

"I don't care how you feel about Ives," he had said to Sig Flanagan, whom he had summoned to the courthouse early that afternoon. "We've carried this thing a little too far. We've got to make friends of those people out there."

"A man can't hit me like Ives did and get by with it," Flanagan growled.

"Well, he is getting by with it. We've been pretty highbanded, and we'll be again if we stay in. Look, we'll have four more years if we beat Burke. We can fill the woods with hogs. We can turn on the pressure and make those peckerwoods glad to move out of the swamp. You can do what you please to Ives after the race is over, if we win."

"Well, I guess I can wait six or eight months to fix him up," said Sig Flanagan, "since it's so important to get his vote."

"I've sent after the hogs," said Sheriff Martin. "I've sent Sam Bragg out to the swamp to see people, just to visit with them and be sociable. And I sent the ax handle back to Ives with the word that there won't be any trial."

"You did!"

"I typed him a nice note, so he'd know it was no trick, and told him that witnesses had come forward absolving him

Are you in the know?



If you drop your fork, should you —

- ☐ Pick it up
- ☐ Have your date pick it up
- ☐ Ask for another

Ah-ah—mustn't touch. Let slipping silver lie! When your fork or any tableware falls, ignore it. Ask for another. By meeting trying

moments serenely, no one will be the wiser. Cherish that thought for trying days, too. You'll meet the eye without a qualm by choosing Kotex . . . because Kotex has *flat pressed ends* that prevent telltale outlines. And you can keep your *daintiness* beyond doubt—thanks to the *deodorant* locked in every Kotex napkin.



If your hands are clammy, what helps?

- ☐ Hold a hanky
- ☐ Wear gloves
- ☐ Use an anti-perspirant

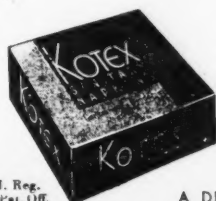
Smoothness and drippy hands don't mix! To keep them un-clammy, cross your palms with an anti-perspirant before you go dancing. And to keep confident at certain times, choose those partners-in-comfort—Kotex and Kotex belts. That heavenly softness of Kotex stands by you, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while you wear it*. And, because your Kotex Wonderform Belt is elastic, fits divinely, you'll feel so carefree—so s-m-o-o-t-h!



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- ☐ If you want to
- ☐ By all means
- ☐ No; you'll seem forward

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of blame in the matter, and that the county was not disposed to press the case. He should feel very mellow toward me for that little favor."

A moment later, Warden Bragg returned with news of grave import. It made Sheriff Martin curse roundly, and he promptly suspected that he had locked the barn after the horses were stolen.

"They're talkin' of organizin' out there!" Bragg reported. "Every man I saw didn't mention it, but two or three did; an' they was so cocky that I couldn't pay a very friendly visit. A lot of those people out there are pretty sore at us."

THE HOMESTEADERS met at the church Saturday morning of that week and organized. The crowd included people whom Kate and Andy had never seen, many whom they remembered vaguely. A few were new homesteaders from the region four or five miles down the swamp.

Big and Andy and Jerry Burke talked to the people. It was Big who nominated Andy to head the homesteaders, and then it was moved that the nominations be closed and that Andrew Ives be elected by "out-loud" vote.

After being chosen to head the homesteaders, Andy made a little talk and thanked them. "I'll do what I can," he said simply. "Let's all work together for the homes we want to have and the solid place we deserve in this country." It was a nice talk. They applauded, and Kate wanted to cry.

A sultry spell came on that afternoon, and a warm wind blew out of the south. It was still blowing on Sunday morning, and a hazy cloud had come up. The wind had become gusty by now, and warmer.

The Iveses rode to church in the wagon. The cloud was heavier by the time they reached the church, and thunder muttered in the southwest. They went in as the choir was singing the first song, found a bench not far from the front. Brother Cowann was swinging his songbook in time with the song.

Hope saw Big in the choir, heard his rich bass ring beneath Brother Cowann's voice. Birdie and Oreen were in the choir too. Birdie sang in a high, flutey quaver and swayed from the waist as she sang.

Mr. Flipp and Mr. Eliot were there. Knowing that the Iveses would attend, they had walked a short cut. Jessie Bell had followed. During a part of the song, she howled with lingering sadness, outquavering Birdie Webster.

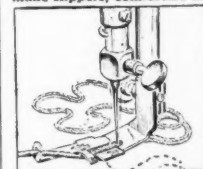
The wind dropped away as Brother Cowann took his text. There was almost a constant rumble of thunder from the low bank of black cloud. Lightning played over the cloud. And now a deep, ominous roar was back of the thunder.

With such competition, Brother Cowann redoubled his efforts. The church was dark with a frightening midday

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twilight. People were growing restless. A man in the rear got up and slipped out on tiptoe. Then he came rushing back, crying out: "It's a cyclone! It's comin' this-a-way. Lord, save us!"

The congregation galvanized into action, yelling and pushing to fight their way out. The more agile and resourceful ran over the benches, leaping from seat to seat.

"Oh, dear!" Kate wailed. "Andy—" "Don't get tramped," Andy said calmly. "We'll just have to wait for the crowd to let us out."

Hope's heart was pounding so hard that it was almost choking her. The screams of the women and the yells of the men, and the frantic fighting for the outside were a background of sound and action to heighten her fear.

Someone caught her arm. She looked around and saw Big Halleck. His face was white and drawn. He nodded reassuringly and said: "Hold onto me, Hope. When the wind hits, hold onto me."

She caught his hand, felt it close with gentle strength upon hers. She said: "I've never been in a cyclone. What can we do?"

"Hope for the best is about all," he told her.

"Kate Ives!" a woman screamed shrilly. "Miz Ives!"

Kate turned and looked over her shoulder. She saw Birdie Webster fighting toward her. A flash of lightning cut through the semidarkness and filled the church with a weird brilliance. Birdie Webster's eyes were wild with fear.

"I repent!" she screamed. "Kate an' Hope Ives, I repent! I lied about you, an' this is my public confession. I—"

Granny wheeled upon her. "Stop your ranting!" she ordered. "You're afraid of dying now. That's what ails you. You're a stormy weather Christian!"

"O Lord, forgive her!" Birdie wailed to heaven. "She knoweth not whut she sayeth!"

Dave and Andy piled out of the window. They could see the great black funnel of the twister against the cloud. Lightning played about it in vast stage effects to make it more terrible. The deep roar from cloud and wind was like a mighty, racing train nearby. People who had reached the outside were running and screaming as they made for the shallow drainage ditch along the road.

Andy helped Kate and Granny from the window. Behind them, Birdie Webster was still pleading forgiveness. Big leaped from the window, caught Hope as she followed. They ran after the crowd. The little ditch was the only refuge in the flat land. Hope stumbled. Big swept her up without losing speed and ran with her in his arms.

It had all happened very rapidly. Not more than a minute had passed since the man had warned of the approaching cyclone, but suspense and excitement and abysmal fear had stretched the moment

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taut and thin and long.

Hope knew that Big Halleck was protecting her with his arms, shielding her with his body, and in spite of her fear she felt comfort in his nearness. She knew that Kate and Granny and Dave and Andy were close by them.

One instant the air was hot and still and heavy enough to drive sweat from the body. And then the darkness thickened, cut by knife-sharp lightning, and the blasting thunder was dim behind the roar of the wind. It came with a wild ripping and tearing of the trees, and the mad screaming of branches and whole trees whipped up by the torturing live thing that spiraled from earth to sky. It was a deafening, blotting-out moment, and human screams and wails were oddly dim and far away.

The center of the cyclone missed the ditch and the church, but it laid a path of destruction two hundred yards to the north. There was danger enough to those huddled for safety, though, for no man could have stood in the blast that was sucked into the vortex as it swept past; and the air was thick with falling things. The steeple of the church was blown away.

Hope huddled against Big Halleck and shared his strength. It seemed that she belonged with him in that moment, that it was a time she had awaited, not knowing it.

Then the rain. It came in whipping sheets. Cold and pounding and drenching. It beat into the faces of the people as they scrambled for the church building, making them gasp and cough. It came from all directions, for the wind was leaping from every way at once.

Big was still with Hope when they entered the church. She thanked him, saying: "I'd have been scared to death! I'm glad you wanted to watch out for me, Big."

He looked down at her, and the hardness that she had so often found in his blue eyes came into them again. "It wasn't anything," he told her. "You're welcome." He moved on to leave her.

Hope caught his hand. "Why do you look like that?" It was a quick question from the heart, not from the mind. "If you've heard gossip about me, you know it was untrue, now. Why—?"

"I don't take stock in gossip," he said shortly. Then he went on into the gabling crowd.

(To be concluded)

YOU HAVE FED THESE HUNGRY

(Continued from page 41)

like? Does the stuff we send really meet a need?

Finland gives part of the answer. She is better off, I found, than some other countries to which American relief is going through interdenominational channels. Or perhaps it would be better to say, she is less bad off!

For life is no picnic in Finland. The

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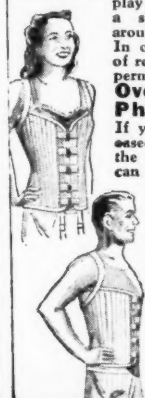
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calorie level is about 1,500 a day, which in practical terms is what dieticians agree is far below the minimum required for health. Yet officials expected this to be reduced before spring. The fat ration is a pound per person per month, but a cut in this is also expected. Even potatoes are rationed—three a day. Clothing is scarce and expensive. You have to get a license from the government to buy shoes for your children.

At Abo, I saw the truck draw up with some of the bales and boxes just arrived from America. It was at the church community center where lives Lutheran Pastor Toivo Harjunpää, to whom all the Church World Service shipments for Finland are addressed. Inside, I had just been visiting the nursery school which the church sponsors for the pre-school children of the district's working people. Some of this clothing would shortly be distributed to them. In the kitchen, Pastor Harjunpää went to work with eager curiosity on one of the cases. Somewhere he had found cans of condensed milk. Just the thing!—for some days in Finland you cannot buy even the small milk ration. This would add both fat and vitamins to the lunches which these children ate at the center.

Nine out of ten people in Finland are Lutherans, of course, but that does not mean the smaller Protestant groups do not get their share. In fact, I got the impression that pastor Harjunpää leans over backwards to see that they do. While I was there, for example, a card came from the leader of the Baptists, August Jauhainen, at Tammerfors. He said he had already started distribution of three bales of clothing, a box of shoes and a box of canned food which Pastor Harjunpää had sent on, and added: "The goods are first-class and very well packed."

When I got to Tammerfors, I asked Rev. Jauhainen how he had distributed it. He said he takes it along with him as he visits his churches. Clothing is greatly needed, and people thank him with tears in their eyes, he said. He told of some specific cases among desperately needy women here. Three of them were sick, one helpless, one literally naked in bed. She rejoiced when he supplied her with a blanket, a nightgown and a bed jacket from America, and he wants to take her another blanket, though he is almost out of blankets now. That is just one example.

It is not only food and clothing that goes to Finland from the churches abroad. A sense of oneness with world Christianity also accompanies the gifts. But in addition to that, yet with the same spirit of fellowship, goes so-called "spiritual aid." It is not easy to distinguish the spiritual from the material sort, but church leaders define the aid as spiritual if it contributes to the revitalization of religion by helping the churches' leaders and institutions. I saw that aid too. (Continued next page)

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One example of this help sent out by Church World Service is libraries of some 90 American religious and cultural books each. The titles are by such well-known religious leaders as Fosdick, Buttrick, Hough, Luccock, E. Stanley Jones, and Oxnham. I saw these at Abo, Helsingfors and Tammerfors. At the latter city, Bishop Elis Gulin of this big Lutheran diocese said that these libraries will be made available to every pastor under him.

Bishop Gulin described also another kind of spiritual aid which had come in an unusual package—three bicycles! The social pastor of his diocese will use his bike to travel into 116 parishes to organize and supervise the big new social-welfare work which Finnish Lutheranism is undertaking. The other two go to big parishes which extend as far as 25 miles from the church. The people in such outlying districts cannot come to church—so the pastor must pedal out to them, baptize them, look after the sick, bury the dead, and in other ways perform the offices of a pastor serving his flock.

"I can't say how grateful the pastors are for these bicycles," Bishop Gulin told me.

I heard appreciation in Finland expressed especially for \$20,000 which the American churches sent through Church World Service to supplement the salaries of pastors. Some pastors used this for pressing living expenses or to pay off burdensome debts. But the request was made that they use it for vacations which two wars since 1939 had usually made impossible in Finland.

Peter Talikka, the Methodist pastor at Helsingfors, told me he had used the money he got to help him take a holiday. Walking on the street with him, I had seen green apples in store windows marked at 240 marks (almost \$2.50) a pound. He asked how he could buy things like that for his children, much as they were needed, when his salary is only \$75 a month. The money from America gave him a partial answer. He had taken the family into Central Finland for a vacation, where he had found it a little easier to get good food.


As he talked about these gifts, the chief Lutheran of Finland, Archbishop Aleksii Lehtonen, expressed to me the spirit in which the Finns have received all these American expressions of good will. "Our pastors were all tired," he said. "Many were sick and had been unable to go from their parishes in years. Then suddenly to receive money for three weeks' recreation—it was wonderful! It was really a gift from heaven. When I wrote our thanks, I said it was a true sign of deep Christian fellowship."

So are all these gifts from people of a favored land to Christians in depressed Europe, true signs of deep Christian fellowship. And a bond across the nations that will mean much, in years to come, as Christians the world around draw steadily closer.

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P-W for PIN-WORMS

DON'T ASK FOR THE MOON

(Continued from page 30)

is helping, here and there, to build far better staffs. St. George's Episcopal Church, New York, offers a good example of this. In a chapter of his book, "We Have This Ministry," Dr. Elmore M. McKee, the recently resigned rector of St. George's, wrote with joy and zest of what his church was doing. And well he might! For while he himself worked like a stevedore putting his shoulder under one corner of the load, his people saw to it that he had plenty of assistants at the other corners. On St. George's staff are no less than six secretaries and fourteen other professional workers. The latter group includes a boys' worker, a business manager, a clinic nurse, an organist and choir master, a director of religious education and several assistant pastors.

Unusual, you say? Maybe so. Yet scores of other churches, some larger and many smaller than St. George's, are likewise making specialization pay dividends. Take the First Baptist Church in my own city of Richmond. It is by common consent the most influential church in these parts, and perhaps also one of the most useful in America. What makes it tick the way it does? Well, in Dr. Theodore F. Adams it has an extremely gifted and attractive minister: a man of vigor, with a fine mind and a warm heart. His dynamic energy and preaching skill are perhaps the chief secrets of the church's success. But his people know better than to depend on those alone.

Look at the staff they have thrown around him. Dr. Adams has two full-time associate pastors. One of these takes an immense amount of routine pastoral calling off his hands and directs the adult work of the Sunday school; the other handles the youth work and directs the younger departments of the Sunday school. The two associates have a secretary between them, and Dr. Adams has a private secretary who handles his mail and appointments. A third secretary handles all financial records, and the church early this year pioneered still further by adding a full-time social worker—thought to be the first ever employed by a Southern church—whose welfare work lays particular stress on youth and family problems.

People often marvel that "Ted" Adams does so much so well. There's a two-fold reason: a well-organized mind and spirit *within* him, and a well-organized church *around* him. And he, I think, would be the first to admit that without the second the first would be impossible to maintain.

Now your church, I know, may not be one of the bigger ones like that. But even if it isn't, don't let that fact put your conscience to sleep! For it is not only many of our bigger churches that are still woefully understaffed; it is also,



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The first saloon closed by Crusade methods. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Ps. 126:6.

As they left the tavern, Mrs. Delecta

Barbour Lewis related to her son the saloonkeeper's promise. But poor little Dio, ill fed and pitifully clad, still felt that, while liquor was to be had, his father would secure it. In his boyish misery, he prayed that the earth might open her mouth and swallow the saloon. But God had a wiser way—not earthquake, or wind, or fire—only "a still small voice!"

Next morning early, Dio went down to look at his old enemy, the saloon. And lo! a miracle had happened! He rushed back shouting: "Mother, the saloon's shut up!" Mrs. Lewis followed him to see, and met the saloonkeeper himself on the street.

As they shook hands again, he said: "Madam, I told you yesterday I would not sell your husband another drop of drink. But after you were gone, I found I couldn't sell anyone else's husband, or son, or brother. So I've broken up the liquor bottles and smashed in the barrels; and there isn't a drop of drink left in this entire settlement."

The sequel—better food and clothing, happier homes, and higher educational privileges—soon manifested itself in that little village. Dio himself was sent to a leading University, and became Dr. Dio Lewis, one of America's best known physicians. Years passed. The hands that held the Bible that day in the saloon had crumbled to dust. The lips that uttered that passionate prayer were sealed in death. But through her famous son, the godly mother still lived on.



2

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and perhaps chiefly, the ones in the average membership brackets: those with two or three hundred to a thousand on the roll.

Whatever the size of yours, then, take a look at it again. Ask yourself honestly if it has enough people on the staff to do the job it ought to be doing. It may have a good minister, but one who would be still better if he had a secretary. It may have a secretary or two but be stagnating here or there for lack of an associate pastor. It may have one assistant pastor when two or three are called for. It may have one or more church visitors and yet the church school may be fast becoming a wreck because you have no director of religious education.

Take a look around, I say, and if possible get some other members to look with you. Then if you see what you think is a need, write to your official board about it—or, better still, talk with its members in person.

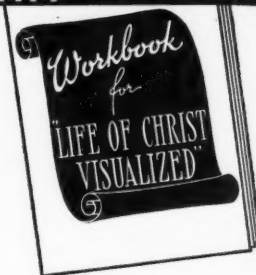
And don't be tripped up by misleading talk about "benevolences." To give generous amounts of money to Christian work beyond its own four walls—causes like home and foreign missions—that is of course a fine goal that every live church will set for itself. But the sad fact is that many a church, by skimping on "current expenses," is killing the goose that lays the golden egg. In trying to live for things beyond itself, it is failing even to take the first step in that process, which is to keep itself completely and vitally alive. In denying itself a well-rounded staff in order to furnish workers somewhere else, it is throwing sand into its own machinery, when in reality it might double or treble its giving to missions and other such causes if it only had the staff to make the machinery hum at home.

Adequate leadership in the home church, remember, is the foundation for Christian expansion *beyond* the church—and no matter how attractive, energetic, or able your minister may be, it is both unfair and short-sighted to lay upon him the responsibility for giving you *all* that leadership by himself.

All preachers, of course, need the spur of their people's reasonable demands. A good many churches, I admit, would doubtless be a good deal better off if their ministers took their jobs more seriously. But this also is true: a good many preachers could and would take their jobs more seriously if they were not so often expected to be like that famous brand of paint that "covers the earth."

Up there in the pulpit on Sunday morning, giving voice to all those inspiring sentiments, your preacher may look like somebody out of this world. In fact, wearing that black robe or that serious expression, he may at times even act like it. But if so, remember, he's only fooling! In reality, he's just a very human person like yourself—bones like your bones, flesh like your flesh, and

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He expects and hopes that you will ask him for everything that he has to give. But, for his sake and for God's sake, don't ask him for the moon. He hasn't got the moon!

PICKET WITH THE SILVER LINING

(Continued from page 33)

them respectfully by their names. If we aren't at home, he takes messages, or urges our callers to set down and make themselves comfortable, under our jacaranda tree. The other afternoon a young friend brought us a magnificent pie in a big festive-looking hat box.

"Ah'm sure somebody'll be home by dinnertime, Miss," he said. "Ef you can't wait, though, you jest put the pie down on the porch, and ah'll keep my eye on it, and tell 'em when they comes back."

But that evening we didn't come home to dinner, so he "worked" overtime waiting for us. When it looked as if his own dinner would be ruined, and Mattie and the other children would begin to be worried about him, he was faced with a crisis. He had promised to take care of the pie, and he didn't know what to do about it. Finally he went into the administration office next door, which is supposed to be the camp of the enemy, and asked the watchman if maybe they hadn't better unlock our door with a passkey and put the pie safely inside our kitchen. The watchman, a nice grandfatherly man, said he thought that was a good idea, so the two of them brought in the pie and left us with a pleasant mystery to wonder about.

The next morning our friend, a beautiful young Polish girl who is learning her way around our language and customs as quickly as possible, telephoned and cleared up the mystery. "I hope you found the pie all right," she said. "I left it with the A.W.O.L. man."

I know they'll settle their trouble, whatever it is, one of these days. When they do, we'll lose our friend, and we'll miss him.

But in the meantime, we shall have learned a great deal from him. For one thing, we shall have had a glimpse into a simple but profound truth, which the whole world could profit by knowing. However ugly and bitter any abstract evil is, when it necessarily comes close enough to be seen in terms of human meaning, there is good in it, on which we can build to something better. Human beings cannot be exposed to each other for very long without their friendliness and goodness gradually coming to the fore, and the secondary antagonistic position into which unfair circumstance thrusts them, fades into unimportance.

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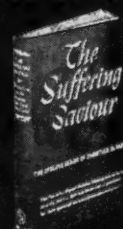


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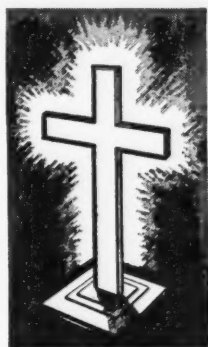
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Picture of the Month

Film reviews and ratings by the Protestant Motion Picture Council, cooperating with the Protestant Film Commission, Inc.

IT SEEMS that the old cry "The British are coming!" is no longer just a rousing phrase out of Revolutionary history. It now becomes a heraldic note of interest to movie-goers everywhere. And we can see no threat in that. If British pictures continue to exhibit the same inventive skill and novel techniques shown in some of their recent offerings, films from across the Atlantic should be a vital stimulus to the entire motion picture art.

A case in point is "Stairway to Heaven," produced by J. Arthur Rank and now being released across the country by Universal-International. If you are weary of the same old themes reshaped over and over, of pat plots and repetitive "re-makes," you will acclaim this imaginatively conceived, brilliantly produced and emotionally stirring film. It is refreshingly different, and loaded to the last film-frame with philosophical fantasy, tender romance and gentle satire.

The theme of "Stairway to Heaven" is that love is the all-compelling force of the universe. It is the story of two worlds, and the foreword warns you in advance that "any resemblance to any other worlds, known or unknown, is purely coincidental." This is earth and heaven as experienced and imagined by a young RAF flyer, played with compelling skill by David Niven.

The picture opens to show Niven returning to his bomber base, his plane on fire. He must bail out, and has no parachute. In what he believes are his last moments, he carries on a radio conversation with Kim Hunter, an American WAC communications operator—then jumps. By some freak of fate, he lands in the water and survives, though suffering a head injury. Not sure he is alive, he searches out his WAC, and they fall in love.

In successive aberrations, brought on by his concussion, he is visited by a heavenly messenger who informs him that he is overdue in heaven, and his tardiness has upset the celestial bookkeeping. The scenes then shift back and forth between Niven's earth and heaven, with him resisting the illusory summons on the basis

"STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN"

HERE IS A FILM SO DIFFERENT IN ITS STORY AND TECHNIQUES THAT IT IS IN A CLASS BY ITSELF. ITS THEME, DEPICTED WITH IMAGINATIVE BRILLIANCE, IS THAT LOVE CONQUERS ALL.



David Niven, as the RAF flyer whose escape from death has upset celestial bookkeeping, and his newly found love (Kim Hunter) in the climactic scene he imagines takes place when he appeals his case before a heavenly court.

that it was not his fault he escaped death and insisting upon his right to live now that Kim's love has made living worth while.

While all this conflict is going on in his mind, Kim makes arrangements with a famous English doctor, played by Roger Livesey, to perform a delicate cerebral operation to rid Niven of his hallucinations. Meanwhile, Niven is mentally struggling for a hearing before the heavenly supreme court. His appeal is granted, and the trial scene here is "out of this world" in more ways than one.

"Stairway to Heaven" is suited best to adult audiences of discriminating character. This is not because there are purple passages, but because some of the more delicate nuances will be lost on the unthinking and immature. Even so, there is enough beauty and action perhaps to engage even these. Certainly they will not be harmed, and they may be charmed!

A Y

OTHER CURRENT FILMS

Audience Suitability Ratings:

A—Adults; Y—Young People 12 to 18;
C—Children under 12.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements, either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is not a guarantee the film is without fault; it is merely a guide.

BOOMERANG. (20th Cent.-Fox). An exceptionally strong factual drama with a powerful social message. The story was developed from an actual case, recently publicized in a *Reader's Digest* article, in

the experience of Homer S. Cummings. It sharply points up such factors as the dangers of reliance upon circumstantial evidence, particularly when human life is at stake; the sinister power of machine-controlled politics activated by political gain alone, and the example of a public servant (the district attorney, played by Dana Andrews) who risks his career to clear the accused whom the facts, regardless of public clamor and political pressure, do not indicate is guilty. There is some drinking unnecessary to the plot. But, all in all, this is a picture every citizen should see. It has insights important to daily life and thinking.

A Y

HUMORESQUE. (Warner). A tensely emotional story, relieved only by the beauty of the music score and the caustic wit of Oscar Levant. Dealing with a struggling young genius (John Garfield) and his involvement with a wealthy, neurotic married woman (Joan Crawford), this is only for mature adult audiences interested in social drama.

A

THE SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM. (20th Cent.-Fox). A clean, romantic comedy set in the Boston of 1870 and revolving around a young woman (Betty Grable) who sets out to prove that women have a place in the business world to an employer (Dick Haymes) who believes firmly that their place is in the home. That she eventually finds hers in his comes as no surprise, but there's fun for everybody along the way.

A Y

THE LOCKET. (RKO). Tragic story of a girl (Laraine Day) whose beauty and

CHRISTIAN HERALD

charm mask the character of a very unsavory person indeed. How she got that way is delineated with case-history realism, but no solution to a better life is offered. **A**

THE MAGIC BOW. (Gainsborough; Universal-International). Romanticized biography of Nicolo Paganini, showing how thorny was the path to musical success during Napoleon's time. Has good moral tone, is artistically satisfactory and well acted, and the violin solos of Yehudi Menuhin are outstanding. **A Y**

BLONDIE'S BIG MOMENT. (Columbia). Another episode in the life of the Bumsteads. Harmless comedy. **F**

THE MAN I LOVE. (Warner). Night-club life, intrigue and racketeering complicate the family problems of three sisters, with attempts at their solution on the part of the eldest (Ida Lupino) proving unsuccessful. Its accent on infidelity and inebriacy make it "adult only." **A**

THIS HAPPY BREED. (Cineguild; Universal). Demonstrating Noel Coward's unusual talent for revealing the essential drama in the lives of plain people. Touchingly told, yet wholesome and humorous, this story of an English family is well acted and will provide good family entertainment—plus some food for thought. **A Y**

LADIES' MAN. (Paramount). Eddie Bracken, as an Oklahoma farm boy to whom a fortune in oil has come, goes to the big city and gets into the usual entanglements. Enlivening spots are the antics of Cass Daley and the musical satire of Spike Jones & Co. The comedy overshadows the acting. **A Y**

THE RED HOUSE. (United Artists). Two high-school students defying a psychopathic farmer (Edward G. Robinson); they face threatened murder, mayhem and other terrors to solve a fifteen-year-old crime. All these conflicts take place in a pastoral setting of outward beauty and peace, thus creating suspense and even terror. Remorse destroys the guilty. **A Y**

SINBAD THE SAILOR. (RKO). A combination of legend and fancy, this gives Douglas Fairbanks Jr. the chance to reveal his histrionic kinship with the elder Fairbanks' style of dashing action. There are enough technicolored oriental settings and death-defying escapades in search of treasure to engage the fascinated interest of those who favor "escapist" film fare. **A Y C**

STRANGE JOURNEY. (20th Cent.-Fox). Murder and pseudo-scientific activities on an isolated Caribbean isle. Plot improbable; suspense artificial; ethical values poor; entertainment rating low. **A**

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY. (Columbia). Based on the radio series of the same name, this involved story struggles hard to get nowhere. **A Y**

I'LL BE YOURS. (Universal). Entertaining romantic comedy, featuring Deanna Durbin and Tom Drake as the small-town girl and the struggling young

lawyer trying to establish themselves in New York. Refreshing portrayal of moral young people; pleasant songs by Miss Durbin; amusing comedy by William Bendix. **A Y C**

THE SEA OF GRASS. (MGM). An intense portrayal of human relations and social standards, against an exciting background of prairie settlement in the 1890's. Strong conflict between Spencer Tracy as a ruthless cattle king and his wife (Katharine Hepburn) highlights this drama depicting the results of wrongdoing and the ultimate strength realized through love and forgiveness. **A**

LOVE LAUGHS AT ANDY HARDY. (MGM). Wholesome and entertaining comedy, with Mickey Rooney as an ex-GI going back to college, side-tracked by romantic complications, but getting back on the beam through his father's (Lewis Stone) wise understanding and counsel. **A Y C**

SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE. (Universal). Spectacular romantic comedy devised from incidents in the life of the Russian composer Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakoff. Outstanding music and technicolor; highly entertaining. **A Y C**

THE PILGRIM LADY. (Republic). Satirical but moderately amusing story of impossible situations arising from the publication of an unexpected best-seller. **A Y**

THE FABULOUS DORSEYS. (United Artists). Story of the two temperamental band leaders who were encouraged by their father to be musicians instead of coal miners. **A Y**

Definitely Not Recommended:

THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS. (Warner). A gruesome and overly tense ghost story attempting to show the depths of a diseased mind, its morbid calculations, and its ultimate collapse. It is regrettable that some good talent, fine musical backgrounds and settings are wasted on so unpleasant a theme. **A**

DEAD RECKONING. (Columbia). Sordid and confusing story of deceit and murder, unredeemed by the superior acting of Humphrey Bogart and Elizabeth Scott. **A**

Previously Reviewed and Rated:

ADULTS, YOUNG PEOPLE, CHILDREN: Alias Mr. Twilight; Anna and the King of Siam; Blue Skies; Boy's Ranch; Claudia and David; Courage of Lassie; Gallant Bess; Henry V.; Holiday in Mexico; Home Sweet Homicide; It's a Wonderful Life; I've Always Loved You; The Green Years; The Jolson Story; Johnny Frehman; Magnificent Doll; Margie; The Mighty McGurk; My Brother Talks to Horses; The Overlanders; Smoky; Song of the South; Three Little Girls in Blue; Till the Clouds Roll By; The Time of Their Lives; The Yearling.

ADULTS AND YOUNG PEOPLE: Angel on My Shoulder; The Best Years of Our Lives; Brief Encounter; Caesar and Cleopatra; California; Canyon Passage; Cloak and Dagger; Centennial Summer; Criminal Court; Cross My Heart; Dangerous Millions; Monsieur Beaucaire; My Darling Clementine; Night and Day; O.S.S.; Swell Guy; The Perfect Marriage; The Plainsman and the Lady; The Razor's Edge; The Return of Monte Cristo; The Secret Heart; Sister Kenny; Somewhere in the Night; 13 Rue Madeleine; They Were Sisters; Till the End of Time; White Tie and Tails; The Years Between.

ADULTS ONLY: Deception; Lady in the Lake; Mr. Ace; Notorious; Notorious Gentleman; The Dark Mirror; Undercurrent; The Verdict.

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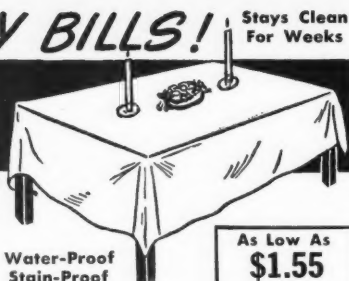
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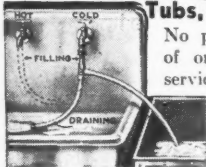


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GOD THE OMNIPOTENT

(Continued from page 37)

without encountering finality. I saw a fragment of the curve of death, and I am convinced that it would have been prolonged if I had not ceased to follow the great flight."

That is the arresting, first-hand record of a normal and scientifically minded man who in a supreme moment knew that God and not extinction reigns over the tomb. Such epochal and trustworthy moments come to most of us when we catch glimpses of the boundless life.

But not only do intuition and epochal moments testify that God reigns over death. There is also the testimony of Easter Day. There was an empty tomb. The night before there had been a body in it; the nerve cells of the body had ceased to function, its blood had ceased to flow. Real mortal death had stormed and captured its inner citadel. But now the tomb was empty. This although there was a guard outside the tomb, a Roman guard to make things sure. Those were the facts and you had to hold with the facts.

"Until," as Dr. Paul Scherer said, "they collided with a God who paid no attention to them, except to thaw them out and set them on the go." No, we human beings do not make all the decisions. There is God to reckon with. He stepped in powerfully at the tomb of Christ. Men do not rise! But Easter bursts that bubble. The fact is: the dead stay dead! But what cared God for a mundane schoolroom fact. "My power is on the tomb," said He. "Now watch the death come forth." So the dead of all ages came forth, a multitude no man can number, and crying as they came, "Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." He reigns over death.

So, for us, it comes to this: there is no take it or leave it, this mortal must put on immortality. But what kind of immortality will it be, good or bad? The Gospel is that some will rejoice in the conditions of the future life, but for others "there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

In the column "Milestones" in an issue of *Time Magazine*, I came upon this item: "Died: Samuel (I must disguise the name) Der Ling. Seventyish. Bohemian. Brutal in methods, cunning and hard. Convicted of dealing with the enemy." Samuel Der Ling had made no effort to fit himself for a good immortality. He was totally unprepared in spirit, attitudes, and desires for a heavenly immortality. He had made himself, by his own choice, radically incompatible with the will of God. For such a one there can be no future state or condition but that described in Jesus' figure of speech—"weeping and gnashing of teeth." We call the state "hell."

On the other hand, thumbing through an old copy of the *Southern Churchman*.

I came upon this item: "Died. In Lynchburg, Virginia (no need to disguise the name) Cora Bowie Fitzhugh; a devoted Christian, entered into the larger life beyond." She had tried to fit herself for a good immortality and was prepared in spirit and attitudes for life within the orbit of the great white throne of God. For all those who are in sympathy with and compatible with the will of God there is a good immortality, an immortality with all the elements of glory.

Here the question becomes most personal. Which will it be for you? Died: Samuel Der Ling, radically incompatible with the will of God, totally unprepared for anything but inferior immortality; or, Died: Cora Bowie Fitzhugh, entered into the larger life because she had been in sympathy with Christ her Saviour and compatible with the will of God? It must be one or other; the choice is ours. For the glory of God and our own larger and eternally useful life, let us join the company of those sinful saints who, as they entered futurity . . . "heard as it were the voice of a great multitude . . . saying, Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

CAMPERS WITH A CONSCIENCE

(Continued from page 25)

in areas of social tension; here, conditions in the industrial slums in and around New Haven had been the challenge. Another tension area was the West Coast where Americans of Japanese ancestry, the Nisei, were returning from wartime detention camps in the face of vociferous minority antagonism in numerous communities. Work Campers sent to Southern California helped rehabilitate a home for aged Nisei. In Seattle other campers helped recondition the neglected homes of Nisei families. The example was noted and the helpful work spread to other communities.

At Penn-Craft, Pa., outside of Pittsburgh, campers helped the families of fifteen coalminers establish ten-acre farms on which they could help support themselves. Last summer high-schoolers began laying the water system for the new farmhouses, surveying, digging ditches, making cinder blocks. Previous campers back to 1937 had helped fifty other poor families in that region to build and own their homes.

Workers drawn to war-production centers during the war brought grave social problems to many overcrowded areas as plants closed last summer. One was at Monroe, Mich., mill center near Detroit, where the government had erected 500 hastily constructed dwellings to house the families of workers. The plant now was closed. Briehoppers from the Tennessee and Kentucky mountains, Slavs, Poles and Italians from the big cities, and Negroes from the South lived on in the neglected settlement—a heterogeneous, unassimilated community with rising crime, delinquency and disease

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rates. There, too, 750 children were growing up.

Citizens of Monroe had started a community welfare center and invited Work Campers to assist in a program of rehabilitation. When I arrived in August, they had completed a badly needed central playground and were directing continuous recreational activities, with evening square dances open to all. They had painted buildings, repaired broken furniture, built a carpenter shop for general use.

The Quakers have provided the leadership for the Work Camp movement and deserve the credit. But America's 115,000 Friends want no credit, encourage all others, and think of themselves only as "the leaven in the lump" of our evolving society. You will find only a sprinkling of Quakers at any camp, sometimes only one. Their leaders are trained in the principles and procedures worked out in the thirteen years of the Friends' experience with the movement. What are they?

Work must be chosen that is socially useful; it must have "a framework of meaning" for the camper. For example, building a slum-area playground brings fun to the children, but it also reduces juvenile delinquency, improves health, reduces street accidents and tends to integrate the community—and these problems are discussed and studied at first hand as the work progresses. The work must not deprive local workmen of paying jobs. Campers do only work that would not otherwise be done.

Campers should never be sent into a community unless invited by responsible local authorities. The AFSC assembles requests for summer camps from all parts of the country; approved projects are listed in a catalogue of summer-work opportunities sent to colleges and schools. No applicant not in sound health of body and mind is accepted. Each is asked to explain *why* he or she is ready to give up a playtime summer. The desire to engage in healthful labor with adventure thrown in, is not enough.

What teaching Work Campers do is through example. A camp in southern Virginia found the mountaineers subsisting on a narrow diet although a variety of wholesome food was available. Instead of talking textbook dietetics, they prepared attractive new dishes from local supplies and invited families in to have meals with them. Curiosity was immediately aroused, questions asked, and the news spread.

Seething racial conflict in Indianapolis challenged seventeen collegians who paid \$90 each last summer to work in the blighted Black Belt of Indiana's capital. Previous campers had helped to found there a modern, social welfare, nursing and educational center, Flanner House, whose farsighted program under the directorship of the remarkable Negro leader, Cleo Blackburn, is now widely known. This work camp had been invited to

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help further the program. It consisted of three Quakers, three Methodists, two Presbyterians, an Episcopalian, a Unitarian, a Baptist, a Catholic, a Mennonite, a member of the United Church of Canada, and three without church connections. They included a Spanish lad who had escaped from the Franco regime, a Mexican girl, a Jew, two Negroes, and other students from Bryn Mawr, Smith, Cornell, Oberlin, Stanford, Texas U., Radcliffe, Swarthmore, and smaller colleges.

The chief thought of the Flanner House campers was to do what they could, by example, to compose racial feelings in the area. They kept open house for all Negroes who chose to drop in, invited colored clergymen, YWCA workers and other leaders to dine and exchange views. They fixed up an impromptu playground in the backyard of their house for Negro children of the neighborhood, played soft ball with them, and soon had them coming around for cookies and to help at small tasks. They went into the wretched tumbling homes of the district in work clothes. In one there was an invalid woman with an aged mother, a ne'er-do-well husband and five small children. Every morning the girl campers washed the children and got them off to the day nursery where they had a hot lunch. The men put in screens, plugged gaping rat holes, laid linoleum. "This may seem a piddling sort of help," one camper said, but I understood. He and the others were working within a larger "framework of meaning."

The Friends are starting week-end Work Camps the year 'round, including the one in Indianapolis, where local students can do volunteer work while at school; and are considering full-time, all-year camps and annual reunions of summer campers.

Variations of the pay-your-own-way work camps have sprung up. One of the most interesting has been the "seagoing cowboy" project of the Church of The Brethren, whose members hold many tenets in common with the Friends. More than 500 boys and men have manned cattle boats to Europe and Asia to tend purebred heifers contributed to The Brethren program to provide milk for undernourished children. The "cowboys" had no expense and received \$150 wages from UNRRA for the two months' trips.

Bulldozers could plough out the ditches and build the roads the campers labor over—in one tenth the time. But young men and women putting their shoulders to these tasks are gaining more than strengthened muscles. They are learning of the America that lies behind the façades of ease and comfort. They are finding out what their own oncoming generation will need to do. They are building, with each stroke of pick and axe, a "frame of meaning" around their lives.



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During the war years Christian Herald's Orphans were taken up into the hills for safety against their enemies. They have returned to Foochow to find the place they called home badly damaged and looted but at least offering some protection against the winter cold. Their teachers and friends, the only parents they know, are with them, and their love and care gives the children the feeling of security they so much need. The buildings are being repaired, new roofs to cover them against the weather are being constructed and everything that our money can buy is being done. There is very

KNOCKING AT OUR DOOR



little money and China has inflation, so only the most necessary jobs can be done now.

Our missionaries have never failed the children of China, nor you whom they represent. We must not fail them nor the children now. Christianity has come to China to stay. The children who come to our door can be the apostles of Christianity. Or they can hate everything we represent. Which shall it be?

Let your contribution answer that question—let us as Christians practice our preachings.



Christian Herald Orphanage in China
Business Office, 419 Fourth Ave.,
New York 16, N. Y.

Do not turn these children away—give them a home in His name.

Name

Address

Straight Talk

Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

Fire!

● Just about the worst thing that can happen to a publisher is a fire—and fire came to *Guideposts*, the other night, cleaning out records, subscription-lists and everything else that would burn. It was a complete loss; the publishers and editors must start from scratch—and that is *some* job.

CHRISTIAN HERALD is happy to broadcast the call for help that has come from the editors of *Guideposts*, as they try to rebuild their 50,000 subscription list. If you have subscribed for *Guidepost*, please send your name, address and date of your subscription to them *at once*. Address: Guideposts Associates, Pawling, N. Y.

No Good Ones

Dear Editor:

May I call your attention to the fact that there are no good Christians? See *Mark 10:18*. Jesus will never accept lukewarmness; He says He will "spew it out of His mouth."

Conway Springs, Kansas Mary E. Wagy

● This really is a little discouraging for some of us who have been exhorted by our preachers for years on end to at least *try* to be good Christians! Then that statement about lukewarmness seems to be a pretty definite call upon us to be good Christians, doesn't it? Or is this a typical example of picking out one Scripture verse here, another there, and having them deny each other when they are put side by side?

Lord's Prayer

Dear Editor:

Would you be kind enough to print the Aramaic version of the Lord's Prayer, as translated by Dr. George Lamsa, the distinguished Bible scholar, who speaks the language Jesus spoke?

H. C. Rickheit

● Here it is: "Our Father in heaven. Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Let thy will be done, as in heaven so on earth. Give us bread for our needs from day to day. And forgive us our offenses, as we have forgiven our offenders. And do not let us enter into temptation, but deliver us from error. Because thine is the kingdom and the power

and the glory for ever and ever. Amen."

Gone Back

Dear Editor:

In the summer of 1945, the editor of CHRISTIAN HERALD asked me to write an article on the intriguing theme, "I Am Going Back to Japan." Echoes of that article have come to me from all parts of the United States. The theme proved prophetic: I am on my way back. I embark for Tokyo tomorrow. Before this is published I will be back on that far-flung Christian firing-line where I spent forty-two years.

I have gone back to a Japan whose people have been plunged into a vast spiritual vacuum . . . to a materially bankrupt Church in a bankrupt nation . . . to a Church that has come through her baptism of fire with her inner resources not only intact but deepened and mystically enriched through suffering . . . to a Japan that only the redemptive Christ and His dynamic Gospel can re-create and prepare for a place in the family of peace-loving nations. Toyohiko Kagawa declares that "Japan's greatest need is prayer, Bibles and missionaries," and in that order. That opens the way for *all* of us to return . . . Let us *all* go back!

William Axling

Classified Ads

● On page 22 of this issue you will read a column of the strangest classified ads in the history of printing. They are not so facetious as they seem at first glance. We are not trying to be funny. We are trying to say some things in this column

WE ARE STILL READING THE MAIL that came in response to our little question on who wanted to travel, and where (December issue). Seems as though most of our folks want to go to Alaska, or down into the Caribbean. In third place was South America.

Things haven't quite cleared up yet, but there are developments that are encouraging: new ships are being assigned to the West Indies run, passport regulations to Europe are being eased, etc., etc.

We thank our readers for their co-operation and interest. Watch CHRISTIAN HERALD for travel news: we'll keep you posted, and we'll sail with the tide just as soon as human organization can arrange it.

which sorely need to be said in our society. We can say them quicker and easier here and with a more direct "punch" than we could possibly get into a full-length article. Here's hoping you like them.

Twenty Cents A Dozen

Dear Editor:

When I read your letter in "Straight Talk" regarding selling eggs for twenty cents a dozen (January CHRISTIAN HERALD) I thought, "How easy it is to misjudge!" The Jehovah's Witness mentioned here owned a farm on which they could raise feed for chickens. Many chicken farmers are not so fortunate. My husband (a Sunday-school teacher, too!) has a number of chickens on a small tract of land. He must buy all their feed; as a result, selling eggs at sixty cents a dozen, he has not made one cent profit. Is that money-grabbing?

New Cumberland, Pa. Mrs. A. S. Schwartz

Dear Editor:

I say your Sunday-school teacher is more of a Christian than those who sold eggs at twenty cents a dozen. Does that man have a family, and if so, how does his family fare? If you think a man can make a decent living at the present time selling eggs at twenty cents a dozen, you're welcome to try it!

Grand Junction, Mich. Mrs. Mike James

Dear Editor:

They were just trying to win her friendship by selling cheap eggs; this flock of hens couldn't produce eggs very long on twenty cents worth of grain.

Detroit Lakes, Minn. Mrs. Mabel Tessman

● Notice that these letters are all signed by housewives. Can that mean that the housewives just naturally control the pursestrings? (Speaking personally, we'd like to find eggs anywhere at sixty cents.)

Dr. Cabotaje

Dear Editor:

Could you tell us more about the work of the Dr. Pablo Cabotaje, mentioned in "Straight Talk" for September? I would like to send him a large library of books. . . .

San Francisco

Mrs. Hesther Ray

● Dr. Cabotaje has left his church, and is, insofar as we are able to learn, serving as a chaplain in the armed forces of the Philippine Islands. We have had no word from him lately, and we would advise our readers to send nothing, until further notice in these columns.

Guide

Dear Editor:

For some time I've wanted to thank you for your film reviews. Last evening's experience inspired me to do so. My husband said, "Let's go to a movie. Do you know anything about 'Holiday in Mexico?'" I said, "No, but wait a minute, I'll look in CHRISTIAN HERALD." You recommended it, so I knew it would be O.K. We went, and thanks to you, enjoyed a very pleasant evening. This feature of your magazine should be used by many of your readers, since, coming from such a source, it gives moviegoers an assurance of worthwhile pictures. Thanks again!

Carlisle, Ky.

Mrs. Henry M. Potter

**SURE,
WE HAVE GROWN...**



**"I had just a year at
BOB JONES COLLEGE,**

but the truths I learned helped keep me steady through those months in the South Pacific. . . . Naturally, I couldn't wait to get back; but I kept hearing how Bob Jones College had grown, and I wondered if things would seem different. Last fall when I hit the campus, I found some new buildings, unfamiliar faces, crowded dorms, and congested halls; but the school hasn't changed — **JUST GROWN!**

"There is the same friendly spirit, the same Christian fellowship, the same emphasis upon clean, consecrated, spiritual living, the same loyalty to the Gospel. That **something** that makes Bob Jones College 'America's Most Unusual' is still here. This fall Bob Jones College becomes Bob Jones Univer-

sity. Soon we will be moving to a beautiful new campus with a magnificent modern plant — fine, big buildings and a greatly increased student body; but we will continue to stand for the same things, **and we are going to keep that same spirit . . .**

"SURE, WE HAVE GROWN—AND GROWN BETTER!"

For detailed information write:

DR. BOB JONES, JR. CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE



"Dad SAID it would come out of our ears"

Maybe you, too, once heard it said, "There'll be aluminum coming out of our ears after the war. Look at all the new aluminum plants the country's got."

People wondered how in the world it could all be used in peacetime. But now, look!

More people want *more* aluminum for *more* things than ever before—aluminum paint, fencing and roofing; baby buggies and bathinettes; bus, truck and trailer bodies; awnings, venetian blinds, windows, screens—and a thousand things more.

This new popularity isn't just a result of the war and the bigger supply of aluminum. You have to go back 59 years to find one of the *big* reasons for this "Light Metal Age".

In 1888, aluminum was a costly new metal, light

but not very strong—only strong enough for making combs to part your hair. How does it come that aluminum is now strong enough for making giant airplanes, freight cars and cargo trucks?

Above all, it's because ALCOA—Aluminum Company of America—has devoted 59 years to scientific research and engineering development with aluminum. Alcoa ingenuity has made aluminum strong enough for planes, trains and trucks... and made it low enough in price to use for all those inexpensive things you see in store windows... useful things for better living

... *Aluminum Living*

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA,
1786 Gulf Bldg., Pittsburgh 19, Pa.

ALCOA

FIRST IN ALUMINUM

